The XV. COMFORTS OF *Raſh and Inconſiderate* MARRIAGE, OR Select Animadverſions UPON THE *MISCARRIAGES.* OF A *WEDDED STATE.*

Done out of French.

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TO THE READER.

IT is an Old Saying, That every thing grows worſe and worſe, which the *Venuſian* Poet ſeems to confirm in theſe following words, much to the ſame purpoſe,

Ætas Parentum, pejor Avis, tulit
Nos Nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem Vitioſiorem.

Notwithſtanding whoſe Authority, and the pretended Antiquity thereof, I'll be bold to affirm, that this Adage in the Vulgar and miſtaken Application thereof, carries neither Sence nor Reaſon with it, having no other Baſis to ſupport

it, but Malice, Ignorance, or both; and tho' this Treatiſe ſhould not abſolutely prove the contrary, it will at leaſt ſhake, if not totally explode that common Opinion, *viz.* That Woman is the worſt piece of the Hexameron Creation, and conſequently, according to the *Maſculine* tho' in truth, merely Sophiſtical Logick of this Modern Age, become (the more the pity) the Subject of all the Raillery, or (in downright Engliſh) Railling againſt that harmleſs and innocent Sex; and I queſtion not but by this Diſcourſe all Diſſenters will be of my Opinion, that if ever Vertue did appear and ſhine with Glory, Splendor, and its own Native and Charming Beauty in any created Subſtance, it is moſt viſible and conſtant in the Female, I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs, that I have a particular Inclination to, and Deference for that Sex, holding my ſelf obliged to vindicate them

them from thoſe Calumnies where-with they have been ſo foulely and cauſleſly aſperſed by Ancient, as well as Modern Authors; nor am I to blame for deſerting my own Cauſe, to juſtifie what may ſeem againſt my ſelf, and eſpouſe the Equitable Condition and defence of the contrary, and ſo much injur'd Party. This is the Compoſition of ſome Amorous Perſon, who animated with the ſame Spirit and Affection as I am, hath undertaken (and judged it his Duty too) to ſatisfie you, and (he hopes) ſo far as to work upon you a Perſuaſion that the Modeſty, Baſhfulneſs, Debonairet, and Civility, together with all Qualifications that adorn and beautifie the Soul, are as Exemplarily eminent in Women of this Age, as ever they were in any of the former; and inſtruct you to ſet a value on their Actions, as the beſt Creatures in the worſt of

To the Reader.

Times, whoſe Vertue muſt needs ſhine with the greater Luſtre, being ſubject to the vain Aſſaults, and Ineffectual Temptations of Men, grown old (like the Times) in Wickedneſs, Malice and Revenge.

Farewel.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE *Philoſophers and Sages of former Times, as well as thoſe of a later Date, have ſpent* Operam & Oleum, *exhauſted their Spirits, and waſted their Bodies, till at laſt, by their Indefatigable Pains and Induſtry, they crumbled into Duſt, and all to inculcate this Doctrine, grounded upon ſolid Reaſon; that it is certainly a greater Happineſs for a Man to enjoy Freedom uncontroul'd, than to enſlave himſelf for ever without Compulſion. He muſt of neceſſity forfeit his Reaſon, that is of a contrary Opinion; for as a Modern Poet ſings truly;*

Surely their Heads unpeopled are with Brains,
That hug their Fetters, and embrace their Chains.

That man is unqueſtionably ſenceleſs, who enjoys his Freedom in the Vigor and Sprightlineſs of his youth, living in the ſtream of wealth and the high Tide of Pleaſure and Delight,

is careſs'd by Fortune, laden with Favours, and almoſt cloy'd with Comforts; a Perſon that may cry Sciolto *to his Paſſions, give them the looſe Rein, gratifie his Appetite and Guſt, with whatſoever three of the four Elements can furniſh him; and yet this Perſon, notwithſtanding all theſe Advantages, throws himſelf into an Abyſs of miſery, confines himſelf to a Perſon (a Wife) whoſe beſt Qualification is Peeviſhneſs, forfeits his Freedom, Reaſon, Content, and Satisfaction, and loſeth his own, to enſlave himſelf to the Humour of another; and this too for Life, for whom the Art and Wit of the Pregnant and Subtile can never procure a Ranſom in order to Redemption. Would not any rational Creature judge him guilty of Statute-madneſs, who being ſhewn the Loathſomneſs and Horror of a Dungeon, views the maigre and ghoſt-like aſpect of the famiſhed Priſoner, hears the hideous Shrieks and Groans of ſhackled Malefactors, the rattling noiſe of whoſe heavy Irons is a Harmony only fit to drive ſerious Man out of his Wits; would not, I ſay, any Perſon gifted with Reaſon, look upon him to be mad beyond the Cure of Drugs or Medicines, who ſhall nevertheleſs ſhake hands with his Liber-*

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ty, and the unaccountable delights that attend it, and caſt himſelf into a Goal, with a reſolution never to be diſcharged, but to lie there and periſh? The very Brutes, tho never ſo ſtupid, or wild, value their Roaming Liberty at the higheſt Rate: hazarding, nay, loſing their Life, which is their All, their whole Being, their little Eternity (pardon the Expreſſion) to preſerve their Freedom; and ſhall Man, the perfection of the Creation, endow'd with a rational Soul, inſpired by the Deity, come ſhort of Inanimate Power, Inconderable Animals, in a buſineſs of ſuch weight and concernment, upon which the Contentation, and in truth, Felicity of Human Life doth conſiſt? Dii avertant.

Conſider farther to confirm this argument, the Deſire and Love of Freedom and Liberty, is ſo innate in all perſons, that not only Man, but Woman, the weaker Sex, nay, Children, a weaker part of the weaker Sex, have hazarded, nay, loſt Wealth, Fortune, and Life, rather than part with ſo precious a Jewel. The ſad Cataſtrophes of perſons and Kingdoms, the horrid Maſſacres and Murders, the Torments, Plagues, Battels, Quarrels and Diſcontents between Nations and Parties, the Depopulation of Republicks, the Demoliſhing of Kingdoms, the Extirpa-

ting of Princes, the Aſſaſſinating Kings, Emperors (a Curſe on the Diſciples of Lame Loyola *for that King-killing Tenet) nay, moſt of the Barbarous Tragedies that have been acted upon the bloody* Stage *of this World, have had no other ſource than the natural Deſire and Affection of Liberty (how juſtly I diſpute not) and Property, the Darling Twins of Mankind, ever ſince the firſt* Prevarication.

The wild Beaſts of the deſert are enſnar'd and taken in Pit-fals by the Craft and Cunning of the wary Huntſman, who with Artifice contrives them ſo, that they are narrow at Top, and broad at the Bottom, from whence there is no poſſibility of Eſcape, but they muſt continue a Prey to the overwily Man that made the Snare, and ſo the Brute loſeth the Liberty which kind Nature conferr'd upon him, and unkind Man Craftily deprives him of. The ſame thing may be ſaid of thoſe that are married, when they are once enchained and fettered with the Bands of Matrimony, *a ſad ſtate (as it often falls out, if they once fall into it) from whence there is no Redemption. The ſilly, mute fiſh, after the ſame manner, labors with divers turnings to wind it ſelf into the Net, Baited thereunto, till*

at laſt ſhe loſeth her Life and Liberty. This Net in truth is the Net *of Matrimony, and the Youthful, Precipitate, Heedleſs Hot-ſpurs of this Age, whoſe Chins are ſcarce cover'd with tender Down, are the Fiſhes without the Net, who fancy to themſelves, that they may Bathe and Swim in a Calm and undiſturb'd ſtream of Pleaſure, and at laſt launch out into a Torrent, or rather Sea of miſery, encompaſſed with nothing but Storms and Tempeſts to their continual diſturbance and vexation, having loſt themſelves in an Incloſure, that they can neither break through, nor leap over, but there live diſcontentedly, languiſh painfully, till they dwindle away to nothing, and ſo at laſt Die miſerable. It is a ſaying of the Learned* Scaliger, *that a Wife is an Hectic Fever, never to be cur'd by any thing but Death, nor can any wiſe man deny it.*

The report is current of a famous Phyſician, Valere *by Name, who being ask'd by one of his Friends, (that had the misfortune to be catch'd in the Nooze of Wedlock,) whether he had done well in changing his condition of ſingle Life, returned him this bitter, tho' true Anſwer; Friend (ſaid he) could you not find out ſome Precipice to*

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caſt your ſelf headlong from thence into the Sea? intimating thereby, that he had made a better Election, had he gain'd ſome high Rock, and precipitated himſelf into the Fathomleſs Ocean, there to conſummate at once all his Miſeries, rather than involve himſelf in a Turbulent Sea, the diſtractions, diſcontents and Vexations of a Wedded State, never to be redreſſed; a Malady that bids defiance to the power of any Drug or Doctor, how famous or exquiſite ſoever.

Great and inexpreſſible was the Regret and ſorrow of the Arch-deacon of Tours *in* France, *who being ſo infatuated (ſhall I ſay) or faſcinated, as to forſake the Happy, and Religious Life of a Clerk, with all its appendent Priviledges, married the Reverſion of another, (a Widdow) and fooliſhly fell into a Quagmire, wherein one had been drown'd before him; with whom being link'd by the Indiſſoluble and Gordian-Knot of Marriage, he led a tedious life, or to ſpeak more properly, endur'd a Vaſſalage almoſt inſupportable; for which he ſang a mournful Ditty, to the Tune of*——

Fortune my Foe, *why haſt thou married me, and chaunted a Cordial Palinode, reſerving to himſelf only this Com-*

Comfort, that he had ſome hope by his own Miſcarriage, to forwarn others from the like Inadvertency and Raſhneſs, and to that purpoſe compos'd ſeveral Learned Treatiſes, to dehort all men from ſuch unadviſed Enterprizes and Attempts. Nor is he ſingular herein; for many perſons of great Parts, and known Abilities have endeavor'd to diſcover the Servitude, and more than Egyptian *Bondage of a Coupled Condition; and in my Judgment to be* Free *without Cenſoriouſneſs, the Eighteen Comforts of Matrimony herein fully diſplay'd and clearly laid open, are the greateſt Misfortunes, Pains, Diſcontents, and Torments that can enter into the Thoughts of man. Yet for all that is premention'd, I do not blame the State of Matrimony (as now inſtituted by the Church) for beyond all diſpute, Marriage is an Eccleſiaſtical and Religious Tye, a Boundary to Extravagancy, giving a Check to the exorbitant paſſions of the wild and hotheaded Youth of both Sexes, and confining them to one perſon, which is but Juſt and Lawful, & not permit them, like brutes to range about in Common, or the Sect of* Nicolaitans, *who differ'd little from Beaſts in that Prophane and Diſſolute Tenet of theirs,*

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Community of Women; nor do I find fault with those that marry; I am of their Opinion, and say they do well; for we sojourn in this World to endure and suffer Afflictions, to allay the heighth of our Pride, and give a Check to all Eccentrick and Irregular Passions, that after the miseries of this Life, we may thereby be prepar'd and fitted for a happy and blessed Estate hereafter. And indeed I do not think that a Man can by the Compass of this Life sail into a deeper Ocean of Misery and Affliction, considering the inevitable Grievousness and indispensible continuance of a married Life (I mean only such as rashly and unadvisedly without due consideration of the Temper and Constitution of one another meet and marry, the want of which good Election and Choice renders the Wedded state so Burdensome and insupportable) which undoubtedly exceeds all the Racks and Engines of Torment that the Barbarity of Tyrants, and the malitious Wit of Man ever invented; but yet when a Husband is once inur'd and accustomed to the Domestic Jars of a double Life, and like the Ass, bears the burthen patiently, which custom hath made so Tolerable, that he prides himself in his fondness, patience and long suffering;

fering; of this in fine, there may be made a good Application, or at leaſt he may make a vertue of neceſſity: for that is but a Foppiſh and vain Conceit of ſome empty Pates, that Patience per force *is a Medicine for a mad Dog, and ſo conſequently not worth the refutation. To conclude, I have taken ſome Pains in compoſing theſe Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who are in that State; and I am confident dare not contradict them, without they give their Wives the Lye, when they are once faſt and intangled in the Net; and for prevention of others, by way of Caution, from running the ſame Riſque, the utmoſt Remedy whereof is a thread-bare Patience or a whining Recantation; or if they muſt venture upon this Charybdis to avoid Shipwrack in ſo dangerous a Condition, let them look before they leap, according to the old Proverb, and elect ſuch a Perſon as may be link'd in Temper and Humor, whoſe Souls may be united as well as their Bodies, that ſo their Hour-glaſs may run to the laſt Sand without Interruption or Moleſtation, and they have a Numerous happy Iſſue, (the dear Pledges of a Married Life) to perpetuate their*

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Name and Memory, that their Aſhes may leave a fragrant ſmell to Poſterity; for otherwiſe if they embrace this Holy Ordinance, without due and ſerious Conſideration, (upon which moment depends their Happineſs upon Earth) they deſerve the Burial of an Aſs, and by my conſent ſhall drop into the Grave without either Tears or Pity.

THE

THE

First Comfort

OF

MATRIMONY.

YOuth is naturally inclined to Mirth and Gallantry, with all the Briskneſs and Gaiety imaginable; have Limbs agile and active, fancying nothing but Muſick, Dancing, Balls and Plays, where the Variety of Female Objects fire the Young Sparks, in ſo much as Love ſoon breaks out, and many times to their Ruin and Deſtruction. In this Heat of Paſſion the Youngſter viſits Ladies, Complements after the new mode, Careſſes them with all demonſtrations of fervent Affections, makes his Amours with a kind of ſtarch'd Formality, which turns all into ridicule, tho' poſſibly that ſet way of Courtſhip may pleaſe the Foppiſh Female Cit, and gratifie her Childiſh Humor: Thus far he proceeds with applauſe and

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Acceptance; but this will no way ſatisfie the Young Gentleman, he muſt come to Embraces, free her from the Curſe of Barrenneſs, and himſelf from the Scandal of Impotence; and now the Game begins; he is pregnant with Love and muſt be delivered, tho the Remedy proves ten times worſe than the Diſeaſe; in ſhort he plies the buſineſs ſo briskly, and purſues her with that Warmth and Conſtancy, that ſhe can no longer reſiſt, but in ſpight of all her Maiden Modeſty, muſt yield to his Propoſals, tho ſhe perchance Counterfeit a Bluſh at the Condeſcention ſhe being as ready to comply with him, as he to apply himſelf to her, and as willing to underſtand the Sweets of the Marriage Bed, as the Hot Youth that ſo vigorouſly purſues her. Thus in a ſhort time the whole Buſineſs is concluded, and the Solemnity of their Matrimony perform'd with as much, or rather more Vanity and Expence than is conſiſtent with the Ability of either, or both of them; but fall back, fall edge, the Knot is tied, never to be looſened, but by Death, the Prieſt having joyn'd them ſo firmly together, that 'tis impoſſible to un-hand them again; tho' probably before the Moon hath run her

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Menſtruous Courſe the Husband may appear like that Grand Luminary in her firſt Quarter, and ſhe curſe the Canonical Garb that faſtned them in ſo ſtrict a Band as that of Marriage, as will appear, and that very ſuddenly.

Now you muſt imagine, that our Gallant minds nothing for the preſent, but the ſatiating himſelf with Delight, Dancings, Treats, and ſuch kind of Diverſions as uſually attend ſuch ridiculous and idle Conjunctions. There appears as yet nothing but Mirth and Jollity, no Scene of Sorrow is admitted in this Comedy; his whole deſign is to pleaſe and court his Wife with raviſhing Addreſſes, underſtands nothing but what ſhe approves, nor entertains his Thoughts with any thing but the Contrivance of preſenting her with Bagatels and little Toys, ſuch as are apt to gratifie the vain Humor of a foppiſh young Girl, drawn into the Net and wheadled or cajol'd into the Pit of Marriage: well, no matter, let them both run their own Career; theſe ſeeming Bleſſings, this Counterfeit Felicity, this mask'd Love, and vizarded Content will prove but ſhort liv'd, and then let the troubles of the whole time after be balanced with thoſe few ſuppoſititious and imagi-

imaginary Delights they enjoyed in the Infancy of their Marriage, and the Vexations of the one will out-weigh the satisfaction of the other, by so many degrees, that Arithmetick it self can never describe its true and due Proportion. Now the time of Dalliance being over, and the Cares of the World coming upon them, you shall understand a strange and unexpected Alteration, which we may call, (and I hope without Offence) the First Comfort of Matrimony.

Now the Wife we must suppose to be well acquainted with the cunning Intrigues of a married Woman, and is not to be taught her Lesson; Feasts, Gossipings and Treats, have instructed her sufficiently how to personate the subtile Wife with an Uxorious Husband, and she begins to make an essay of her Woman-Craft according to the humor of those she conversed with in the Female Cabals, usually frequented by her; and thus she begins to play her Pranks: The other day she was invited to a Regale, a very noble Treat indeed, where there was nothing wanting to gratifie the Appetite; she took great notice of the Habit and Attire of several Wives of her own Rank and Quality, how richly they were accoutred, and after

after the newest Mode; this was so great an Eye-sore to her, that she watched an opportunity to disclose her mind to her Husband, thinking it but reasonable that she should appear as gay and as genteel as the best Dame in the Parish. Now you must observe by the way, that that Woman, who is once intoxicated with the Cup of Matrimony, is very strangely qualified, and differently tempered from most of her Sex, if she be not once in twenty four hours troubled with the Sullens or the Pouts (a Disease as natural to her as Gossiping, and both incurable) tho counterfeit and causeless; and where think you is the Scene of her Sullenness? why, assuredly in Bed, a place where Womens feigned Tears and Sighs have an excellent Faculty of persuasion; and now being brought to Bed, let us examine her Deportment, there she lies like the Statue of *Niobe* petrified, and for a time as senceless; whereupon the amorous Husband begins to accoast her with Accollado's and Embraces, asking her what is the matter, prethee, my Dear, (saith he) for he can forbear no longer, what ail'st thou? To whom she snappishly replies, let me alone, don't disturb me, I am very much indisposed, and have reason enough too, God knows,

knows, but you never regard what I ſay, or ſuffer, your Unkindneſs ſtick ſo cloſe to my heart, that nothing will remove it but Death; I'm ſure I ſhall never reſt, but in that place of undiſturbed Reſt (the only Dormitory of Mortals) the Grave. Deareſt! ſaith he, you pierce my very Heart, and wound me to the Soul with ſuch ſevere Language: Why, if I ſhould acquaint you with my Diſturbance, it were to no purpoſe; for I'm confident you would ſlight it, or which is as bad, think I have private ſelf-ends or deſigns in it: No, no, you ſhall tell me, I am reſolv'd, come what will on't: Well Sir, ſince you impoſe your Commands upon me, I will obey. You are not inſenſible, I'm ſure, that not long ſince I was invited to a Collation, tho I had not gone, but with your permiſſion and approbation; yet when I was there, with great grief I ſpeak it, I heartily wiſht my ſelf at home agen; for there was not one Individual Woman in the whole Company, tho of the meaneſt Rank, but was more gayly cloath'd than my ſelf; I do not ſpeak it out of Pride, tho, I think, I may ſay without Oſtentation, that I am as well extracted, have had as good Education, have as commendable a Face,

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Carriage and Complexion, without the Artificial Embelliſhments of Paint, Patch and Powder, as the proudeſt ſhe of them all. As to my own particular, I ſolemnly proteſt, upon the Faith of an honeſt Woman, I do not value the outward Ornaments of Aparrel: For the gaudieſt Robes are but the Badges of our Sin and Shame: It is only for your Credit, and the Reputation of our Friends and Relations that I am ſo much concern'd. Prethee how glorioufly did they appear? Some in Flower'd Sattin Gowns, embroidered with Gold; Petticoats adorn'd with the beſt *Point de Veniſe*, attir'd with their Hair, and their ears adorn'd with coſtly Pendents, their Necks encompaſſed with Pearls, and the graver ſort in the beſt three-Pil'd Velvet; inſomuch that I, appearing only in my wedding Gown, and that, tho nigh worn out, the beſt Suit in my Ward-robe, could not forbear bluſhing all the time I was in Company; nay, that which troubled me moſt, was, that one or two of our Neighbours told me, they did admire my Husband was not aſhamed to ſee me go in ſo mean a Garb. To which the good man replies, Sweet Heart, you know, that we have been at great Charges to furniſh our ſelves ſo well

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as we are; that Trading decays, Losses have befallen us: I have a chargeable Suit at Law to defend next Term for the Recovery of your Portion, which will cost me many a fair pound before I enjoy it. Ay, ay, (quoth she) I did imagine as much, and expect no other from you, but (what I am now sensible to my Sorrow) Reproaches; and so in a Pet, she flings out of his Arms with Scorn and Indignation; pray let me alone, don't come near me; and I'll assure you for the future, I'll never open my Lips to you agen as long as I breath upon this account; therefore pray rest satisfied: But hold Love, are you angry without a cause? No, no, the contrary is too apparent; the Portion sticks in my Stomach as well as yours; had you had nothing with me I am not in a Capacity to bestow any thing upon you now, my Love and Affection to you, methinks should prevent such Reflections; but you know, as mean as I was, that I was Courted by several before ever you made any Address to me, who would have been glad with all their hearts to have married me without so much as a Smock to cover my Shame, had not you interpos'd and gained my Heart, which now you study to plague

and

and Torment. O unfortunate Woman that I am! but I must be content with my choice, and bear all as patiently as I can; would I were as deep in the ground as I am high, and then you would be rid of me, and I of my trouble: Really Love, saith the Novice, you do not well in using of me thus, ask what you please, and you shall have it to the utmost of my Ability; but yet I must have a Care of the main Chance: prethee turn to me my dear; for Gods sake, let me be quiet; if you thought no more of fondness in this nature, than I do, you would never come near me more, I am not so Bucsome, I'll assure you: Ay, but Child, saith he, in a Jocular way, if my Head were once laid, you would soon be Married agen, I warrant you; would I, (saith she) in truth, I find so little Pleasure or Comfort in a Wedded Condition, that if I were once unmarried, I would be so far from it, that the best he, that ever laid Leg over Woman, should never so much as touch my Lips, as long as I have a day to live, take that from me, and be satisfied. With this kind of Dissimulation she entertains the Fop, who is both in Pleasure and Pain at once; in Pleasure to think she is so Cold and Chast a Wife; in Pain, because he

ſees her ſo much diſturbed. Thus ſhe Treats him all Day with a Contracted Brow, and all Night with ſuch flattering Diſcourſes, not one good word is he worthy of, ſo that he is forced to beat his Brains for Money to purchaſe the Rich Gown and Petticoat, the want of which is the Source and Original of both their Diſcontents. Well! they muſt be had, *quo jure, quaque injuria*, by Hook, or by Crook, no ſlumber will ſeize upon his Eye-lids, till this be procured; away he goes, *ſuſque deque*, hand over head, taking up, upon Credit, Silks, Laces, Jewels, and what not, and then returns home in Triumph, with the Spoil of the Mercer's Shop, and calls down his Wife to ſurvey the deſired Purchaſe; which ſhe no ſooner ſpies, but like a cunning Baggage diſſembles, and ſays, Fy, Husband, in troth, you are now to blame, theſe are too rich Veſtments for a Perſon of my Condition, they will not at all become me, I fear: beſhrew the hearts of thoſe lofty Dames, that firſt invented ſuch coſtly Apparel; I would not give ſix Pence for the beſt Gown that ever Female Body was Tenant to: but however ſince you have been ſo kind, let me beg one ſupernumerary favour of you, not to hit me in the Teeth hereafter with

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it, and ſay, I put you to this chargeable Expence; for upon my Reputation (and that is not to be valued) it was none of my intention; I deſire no other Garb than what is requiſite for Warmth and Decency. Now all is well, and the Man ſhall have his Mare agen; they live lovingly and quietly till the day (O that fatal day!) of Payment; the Money cannot be procur'd to ſtop the Mouths of his Creditors, who being diſappointed, uſe the utmoſt rigour of the Law againſt him, ſeize his Body and Goods, extend his Lands, turn his Wife a grazing into the wide World, where ſhe has only the liberty of chooſing what Kingdom ſhe pleaſes to beg in, and he, poor, undone Man, is clapt into a Goal, there to endure a cloſe and beggerly Confinement, *durante vita*; where he has time and room enough to lament his Deplorable Condition. The Woman ſhe returns to her Friends, Curſing the hour that ſhe was born in: never ſuch a diſgrace befel a Woman of her Birth and Education. Alas! Alas! (ſaith ſhe) have I ſtudied *œconomie* all my life long, and taken ſo much pains in governing my Family, been as ſparing as any good Wife in the Pariſh, and all to keep both ends together, and is it come to this at laſt? O

Death, come and put a Period to my Misery! Thus the harmleſs Woman bemoans her Misfortune, lays all the fault at the poor Man's door, (poor Man indeed) and now he is faſt in the Net, and the more he ſtruggles, the more he is intangled; in ſhort, he's laid up for his Life, and his Creditors, (for that's all they're like to have) may make Dice of his Bones.

The ſecond Comfort of Matrimony.

IT is the Misfortune of ſome Men (and thoſe ſome are too many, God wot) to prepoſſeſs themſelves with a Conceit, that Reaſon, Senſe and Demonſtration can never convince them of; ſuch is the caſe of the Husband that enjoys the ſecond Comfort of Matrimony we are now diſcourſing of, who will not be perſuaded by all the World, but ſhe is the Handſomeſt Woman in it, tho he is much miſtaken; but I cannot blame him; for Beauty is nothing but meer Fancy, and if I conceit black and blew to be a comely Complexion, it is ſo to me: Having thus in his own Opinion Married a Fine Woman; he maintains her as finely: Her

brisk

brisk humour inclines her to Visits, Treats and Jovial Meetings; tho this her Husband disrelisheth, but all to no purpose; for she's of a gadding temper, and out she must for Health and Recreation; but how to contrive the way to effect it quietly, *hic labor, hoc opus*; she is invited to a Feast, and a pretended Friend or Relation (who is no more of kin to her than Sir *George* is to the Dragon) however he comes to her, and she Salutes him by the name of Cousin, good Cousin, dear Cousin! and her Mother, to palliate the business, calls him so too, she knowing the better how to manage that Amorous Affair, because it hath been her own Condition formerly; but the Husband is unwilling to have her go, alledging many faint and frivolous Excuses; yet to take off all Jealousie from the Good-Man, her Friend will say, in good Faith, Cousin, I have no mind at all to go this Feast, I have business to do, nor would I set a foot over the Threshold, God knows my heart, were it not for your and my she Cousins Credit; and you know 'tis neither Modest nor Modish, for a Gentlewoman of her Rank to bestow Visits without an Attendant; tho I am satisfied she is averse to any such kind of Promenade, or Collation; for of all Wo-

men, that ever I knew, when ſhe is abroad ſhe makes ſuch ado to come home, that ſhe almoſt diſturbs the Company. The ſilly Fop now begins to encline and grant the Requeſt; but firſt asks what Company they expect at this Entertainment? Excellent Company indeed Couſin! there will be your Mother-in-Law, my Wife, your Couſin, Mr. ſuch a ones Daughter, and moſt of the good Neighbourhood; Company fit for a Princeſs, Men and Women of Quality. Well (quoth the Man) you may go, for this once, but I hope you don't intend to make a Trade on't, have a care of your ſelf, and be ſure you don't bring Night home with you. Leave being thus obtained, the ſubtle Lady feigns an unwillingneſs, ſaying, indeed Love! I care not for going out at preſent, let me intreat you that I may ſtay at Home; but he, having a great Confidence in the Couſin, ſays, nay, nay, ſweet Heart, I would not have you ſo ungentile, as to diſappoint your Neighbours, ſince you are ready, and the Aſſignation is pre-deſign'd, prethee, Child go; whereupon away ſhe frisks like Lightning with her Couſin-Gallant, fleering all the way at the contented one at home, ſaying, that he has ſome ſmall ſmack of Jealouſie, (and a great deal of Reaſon

for

for it). To the Place they come, and are no ſooner arrived, but ſhe is Nobly received for her Husband's ſake, Treated with Airs, Balls, Banquets, and a thouſand pretty little Frolicks and amorous Gambals, not fit to be here mentioned: All her Lovers are now met together, like Flies in Summer, every one intending to have a lick at her Honey-pot; every one putting forward, as he finds opportunity. One Complements her at a very Modiſh rate; the other Preſents her with a rich Diamond; one gives her the gentle Tread on the Toe, *en paſſant*, as the *Frenchman* hath it; the other gives her the amorous Squeeze of the Hand; another leaning diſpondently upon his Elbow, reaches her with a languiſhing Eye; So that ſhe muſt needs be void of all Senſe, if ſhe depart without underſtanding all their good intentions. Thus every Spark endeavours (as much as in him lies) to make her Husband bear the *Turkiſh* Enſign of Chriſtian Matrimony in the Van; which at laſt proves the occaſion of her ſhame and his ſorrow; for either by the mis-management, or miſ-timing of her Amorous Deſigns, or the diſcovery of her Frolicks by ſome ſpecial Friend or Relation, the Husband comes to underſtand the whole

Truth, and nothing but the Truth, which drives him into a ſtrange Paroxyſm of Profound Melancholy, that all the Hellebore among the *Anticyræ* can never recover him: if he attempt to ſtrike her, that won't do, but only add fuel to her Fire; that will take off her Affection, ſo that ſhe will never dally with him, but only to paſs away the time for want of better Company, and make uſe of him only as a Cloak to ſhrowd and conceal her Laſciviouſneſs. Thus is the poor Gentleman ſenſible of the Second Matrimonial Solace, being now faſt bound to *Ixion*'s Wheel of Miſery, where he muſt live in a moſt languiſhing, and die in a very miſerable Condition.

The third Comfort of Matrimony.

THE Youngſters of this Wanton Age, are ſo high-fed, live ſo much at eaſe, their Bloud is ſo plentiful and ſprightly, that they cannot contain themſelves long without an Evacuation of the Extravagancies of the Fourth Concoction, and ſo muſt take a Wife (the Remedy oftentimes proving worſe than the Diſeaſe) and

and eagerly purſue their own Miſery and Diſcontent; For our young Couple being Married, at the uſual time the Teeming Bonny Girl grows big, tho poſſibly (as it too frequently falls out) not by the ſuppoſed Father; and now he begins to underſtand the Miſery, Trouble and Affliction of a wedded Life; now muſt the poor Fellow trot all about the Town on his Wife's Errands, to purchaſe all things that may pleaſe her, if poſſible; for ſhe begins to be ſqueemiſh, her Stomack fails, grows weak and peeviſh, like her ſelf, and nothing will down with her but what is of the beſt; now he muſt trudge about night and day, ranſack Heaven and Earth for Delicacies to cheriſh and comfort her, and empty his Purſe to fill her Paunch with Dainties; and this pleaſant life muſt be led for ſix or ſeven Moneths together, while his Wife Pampers her Carcaſs at home, and can ſcarce get a good word for his pains (a poor Gratuity for his kindneſs) nay probably, complains ſhe is not ſo carefully provided for, as other Women in her Condition; altho the poor Man riſes early, goes to Bed late, and eats the Bread of Carefulneſs, contriving all ways poſſible, for the proviſion of his Family; but this is not all, the time of her falling

in pieces draws near, and here the poor Fellow is expoſed to a world of Charge and Trouble; out he muſt to procure God-fathers and God-mothers, and ſuch as ſhe approves of too, for in this he is not allow'd the freedom of his own Election; the Midwife muſt be fetcht, dry and wet Nurſes provided (a ſort of chargeable Sluts, who will lap up more good Liquor in one day, than the good Husband ſwallows in a whole Week) in ſhort, her Throes come very thick upon her, and ſhe is ſurrounded with a Crew of Goſſiping Neighbours; the Good-man in the mean time is at his Devotion for her ſafe Delivery, which being over, then all his Care is to pleaſe the Woman in the Straw, and her Twatling Companions, who eat and drink merrily, and he ſpares no coſt to entertain them, and if any thing diſpleaſes them, 'tis forty to one, but one of the Goſſips ſtarts up and ſays; in troth, Mrs. I do very much wonder, and ſo does all the Company, that your Husband takes no more care of you and your Child, eſpecially being your Firſt-born; what would he do, I trow, had you five or ſix? ſays another, I'll aſſure you, if my Husband ſhould ſerve me ſo, I would ſtudy Night and Day to be reveng'd of him; Indeed,

ſays

ſays a third, I would not have you put up this Affront patiently; for if he ſerves you thus at the firſt, his uſage will be courſer to you hereafter. Couſin, ſays a fourth, I admire that you, being ſo diſcreet a Woman, and of a good Family, that you can endure his unworthy behaviour to your, eſpecially in this weakly condition: Alas! replies the Wife, I know not what to do with him, he is ſo croſs and unkind to me. Upon my word, ſaith the other, he is an ill-natur'd Man, that he is not here in perſon to attend on this good company: Then ſtarts up a Bold, Imperious Houſwife, and thus begins to chatter; All the Neighbours here know very well, it was a common Rumour of my Husband, that he was the untowardeſt Man in the World, and would often threaten to break my bones, and be the death of me; but I thank my Stars for it, and my undaunted Spirit together, that I have tam'd him ſufficiently; I have brought him now to that paſs, that he dares as well eat his Nails, as do any thing to diſoblige me. 'Tis very true, when we were firſt Married he began to be Lofty and Malepert, but I pluckt up a good Spirit, ſet my foot in the Stirrup, rode him with a Bit and a Snaffle, till I quite tired, and cur'd

him of his Resty, Skittish Humour: insomuch that he has confest, there is no good to be done with me by foul means: nay, if he had kill'd me, I was resolv'd never to Truckle under him; and now I can say, and do what I please, without the least Contradiction; for I will have the last word, right or wrong; so that now he crosses the Cudgels to me, and submits: nay, I will assure you Gentlewomen, there's no Man living, how perverse soever, but his Wife may bring him to be Complaisant, if she take right measures, and manage him with Discretion; therefore, pray Neighbour, when your Husband comes Home, ring him such a Peal as may make his Ears glow, and his Heart ake, or you'll never get the better on him as long as you have a day to live. Thus these Gossiping Baggages, having cloy'd 'emselves with good Wine, and plentiful Chear, abuse the poor Man for his Pains, and by their advice set the Husband and Wife at variance, the Curse of parting Man and Wife light on them for their pains. Well being thus gorged with Edibles and Potables, away they go, and leave the Woman to play her part according to their goodly Instructions. At length Home the Husband returns, having undergone the Drudge-

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ry of the Day with Care and Pains, and no ſooner enters his own Doors, but enquires how his Wife does; the Nurſe, like an Inſtructed Diſſembling Slut, makes anſwer, that ſhe is in a very weak condition, and this bout had like to have coſt her Life; I have tended ſeveral in my time, but your Wife is the weakeſt Woman I ever look'd to in all my Life; thus they Teaze the fooliſh Man, who cannot reſt till he hath ſeen his Wife; into the Chamber he goes, and the firſt Salutation is, how is't my Dear? Truly Love, very ſick and weak; I am very ſorry for it; and fear you faſt too much: I cannot eat, my Appetite is Pall'd and gone: Well, I will order you ſome Gelly-broths and Caudles to comfort you; which he does accordingly, and ſends 'em to her: Thus tir'd with running about all day long, he calls for ſome Refreſhment, which is brought him, being only the Reverſions of the Servants, which he is content with, whilſt his Wife is cheriſh'd with coſtly and comfortable Draughts, he only ſwells his empty Maw, with Flatulent and Sower Sixes, and ſo Bed he packs up with his Head full of care and ſleep; in the Morning up he gets by Break of Day, viſits his Wife, and asks her how ſhe reſted; alas! (ſaith ſhe) I

have

have not so much as closed my eyes, or had one wink of sleep all this Night, tho she rested as well and soundly as if she had taken a Dose of *Opium*. My Heart, saith he, the Gossips will be here to day, you must make much of them, and should think of rising to entertain them; for you have kept your Bed above a Fortnight; Love, we must be as saving as we can, Charges are great, and I have much ado to keep both ends together. Think of Rising! (say the Wife) a Curse on the Hour I was born! O, that I had died in Labour, and then there had been an end of me! Is it come to this indeed; must I rise already, and am not able to stand upon my Leggs? Do you long to see me drudging about the House before I am able to creep? You are a very kind Man, a most loving Husband indeed; I find now you wish me dead, so do I too. Well! well! I am content to Rise to Morrow, come on't what will; I do very well foresee what I must undergo for the time to come; what would you do, if I had ten or twelve Children, which God forbid, and if it be his will, I hope this is the last? but Gods will be done. As for Gossips coming to see me, I had rather they would stay at Home, and so they would if they knew how

little

little their Visits please me; nor would you your self (if you had any respect for me) promote their coming, when here were Twenty Discreet Women at least, who came to see me with a great deal of Kindness and Respect, and the Chear you provided for them, I would be ashamed to set before their Servants; this is truth, Sir, I saw it with my own eyes, overwhelm'd with Tears, to hear that they should in a slighting, scoffing way take notice of it. Well, My Dear, you are soon moved I find to Passion, tho I give you no occasion; but satisfie you self, that henceforth, I shall be content that you please your self, and rise when you think it convenient. Do what you please, Sir, only I beg of you to talk to me no longer; for I am very full of Pain, and would desire you to send to our Neighbours not to come because I am so much indispos'd; Love, says he, they shall come, and be well Treated too; for Gods sake let me alone, and do what you will. Then one of the Nurses attaques him with her deceitful Tongue, pray Sir, do not force my Mistress to speak. it is very dangerous; for she is a very weak Woman, and if the Wind gets into her Head, it will do her an irreparable Injury (O brave Doctresses!)

then

then she draws the Curtains, and the Wife and the Husband are not yet Reconcil'd; however she expects the Gossips, who will act their parts so effectually, and give him such Flouts and Jeers, which will so tame him, that he may be easily led any where by the Nose for ever after. However away he goes and makes Provision for them in a more plentiful manner, by reason of the Reproof he received from his Wife. The Gentlewomen at the time appointed appear, he welcomes them all, and conducts them to his Wife's Chamber; where they and the sick Woman Eat and Drink heartily, to a more than becoming Festivity, and Flirt and Joke with the Master of the House, till they have quite dispirited him, and made him a meer Mamma Mouchey; so that now he is content to do any thing for a quiet Life, dandle the Brat in his Arms, dry the pist Clouts on his Horns, for fear the Nurse curse him, or else his Wife (having got the better end of the Staff) tell him plainly, he shall never more enter her Premises. This comfortable Life he must lead; his Wife must be maintained at a high rate, and have her Will in all things; he must live Meanly and Penuriously, having his will in nothing; and thus he is caught in the

the Net, where he ſtruggles to no purpoſe, for there he muſt Live, in ſpight of Fate, Deſpicably, and die Wretchedly.

The fourth Comfort of Matrimony.

WHen a Man hath been ſo Injurious to himſelf as to abandon a ſingle Life, and run headlong upon Marriage, without any Reaſon or Senſe; and having lived in the ſtate of Matrimony for the ſpace of ten or twenty years, hath his Table ſurrounded with Children, and the black Ox hath trod upon his Foot, all that he can do, is only to keep the Wolf from the door, Charges daily increaſing; and among them three or four Daughters Marriageable, but not as yet diſpoſed of, whoſe good Qualities (I mean Pride and Inſolence) are too Notorious to the World, and the Father hath little, or no Portion to beſtow upon them; he, poor Gentleman, muſt be in a kind of Troubleſome Condition; for his Daughters muſt be maintained gentilely at home, and well attired when they go abroad *a la Mode*, for theſe three Reaſons:

First,

First, That they may be the ſooner put off, and by their Mincing Gate, and Gay Garb, bait ſome Spark or other into the Net of Marriage.

Secondly, If their Father be Hide-bound, and will not do it, he ſhall have his Hands and his Heart full, and they will do little or nothing for him, preſuming upon their Mother, who countenanceth them in ſo doing, like a dutiful Wife,

Thirdly, The young Women in the Neighborhood are maintained finely, and well habited, and ſo muſt they to, and why not, as well as other mens Children, of the ſame Rank and Quality?

Thus is the Man wearied out of his Life, if he drudge not in the World to ſupport their Pride and Vanity, tho probably to their utter Ruine: ſometimes he beats the hoof twenty or thirty Miles about buſineſs, or, if he be Maſter of an Horſe, rides at other times 100, to attend the Parliament, or Courts in Term-time about a Law-ſuit, which hath been depending from his Child-hood, ſo that he is forced, to ſave Charges, to go very meanly accoutred, having a pair of Boots Nine or ten Years old, and ſo often vamp'd and mended, that, like *Drake*'s Ship, they have not one piece of their firſt Materials

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his Spurs were made in *Harry 8th*'s time, and one of them wants the great gingling Rowel: His Cloathes ſo mean and aged, that they will ſcarce hang together by the aſſiſtance of Patching, ſo as to cover his Nakedneſs, or keep his body from the injury of the Weather: The Sword he wears is a Hacking Morglay, which ſome of his Anceſtors took at the Siege of *Troy*: His Beaſt carries behind him an old Knapſack, that his Fore-fathers uſed at the Siege of *Bouloigne*; the Livery he gives is well known, for the Antiquity thereof, both in City and Country, the Coat being worn ſo ſhort that it ſcarce reaches the Pocket-holes, and in good faith, 'tis like to be long enough, e'r it be longer: In ſhort, thus he lives ſparingly abroad, to balance the great Expences at Home, whither he returns with a heavy Heart, and a light Purſe, the Lawyers, Attorneys, Sollicitors and Bailiffs having ſufficiently purg'd his Bags, and ſent him away with a Flea in his Ear. Being arrived at his own Apartment, behold now his comfortable Reception, his kind Welcome by his Wife! who aſſoon as ſhe eſpies him, inſtead of Embracing, treats him with a ſower Countenance, finds fault with ſome miſcarriage in the Houſe, ſtamps and ſtorms like a *Bethlemite*, the

the Servants being all at her Beck, dare not give any Reſpect or Attendance: nay, the good-natur'd Elf, dares not open his mouth for any thing, till the Storm is over, bears all patiently, without the leaſt noiſe, to prevent diſturbance in his Family, and ſets him down ſome diſtance from the Fire, tho very cold, ſhe and her Children keeping all the heat from him; at length being moved with her Dogged and Curriſh Uſage toward him, he may ſay, Methinks Miſtreſs, you look very ſurly upon me, as if I had offended you, pray get me ſomewhat to refreſh me, for I am almoſt ſpent and tir'd off of my Legs, being wet to the skin, having neither Eat nor Drunk this day, and yet you cannot ſo much as afford me a pleaſant look: Yes, ſaith ſhe, I had need take care of you indeed, you have ſpun a fair Thread, I have loſt more by my Hemp and Flax ſince your abſence, then you will get theſe five years, by taking your Man along with you, ſo that I had no body to help me to Soak or Whiten it; beſides I have often wiſht you, ſince your departure, at the Devils Arſe of Peak, that you did not ſtop the holes in the Hen-hoſe, for the ſtinking Pole-Cat hath eaten three of my beſt Laying Hens, whoſe loſs is not ſo inconſiderable

derable as you imagine, and if you ſteer this Courſe, you will be certainly one of the pooreſt Men in your Family: Pray, ſaith he, Miſtreſs, don't you give me ſuch Language, God be praiſed, I am content with what I have, and ſhall have more if it be his will, beſides, there are ſtill ſome charitable, good People in my Family: Good, for what, ſays, ſhe, for nothing? I know but few of them, if any, worth the mentioning: Ay, ſaith the Husband, I ſay good People: And what good do they do you? what good? as much good as yours: ſay you ſo, ſweet Sir, but I'll be bold to tell you to your Teeth, and ſpit in the face of thoſe that ſhall dare to oppoſe it, that yours had been a poor ſtock, had it not been for the frequent Supplies of my Friends and Relations, and if they ſhould hear you ſay half ſo much to me, they would tell you your own, in good Faith, would they. Well! prethee ſweet heart (ſaith he) be not ſo High, let us leave off this Diſcourſe: and ſo he is forced to acquieſce, for fear his Friends ſhould be acquainted therewith. But the Fray is not yet over, for it happens that one of the little Children falls a crying, and as it falls out, 'tis the Father's Darling, whom ſhe whips ſeverely, more to ſpite him, than

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any thing elſe; prethee Woman, ſaith he, why are you ſo ſharp with the Child? in the Devil's name, ſaith ſhe, what do you concern your ſelf you are not at the trouble of bringing them up, or looking after them? that is my Drudgery Night and Day, as long as I am able to ſtand upon my Legs; ſhame on you muſt I be thus controul'd, that I muſt not correct my own Child? if I take him up agen, I'll flea him, and do you ſeek your Remedy. Then ſays the Nurſe, indeed Sir, you are not at home to ſee it, nor do you know what a heavy hand my Lady has in bringing them up: by my faith (ſaith the Chambermaid) it is a ſtark ſhame, that when you come home, inſtead of our rejoycing at your Company, you create nothing but Diſturbance and Noiſe among us; Noiſe, ſaith the Lady, go you Fool, this is nothing in compariſon of what I have taken at his Hands, and muſt do ſo ſtill, as long as it pleaſeth my good God. Thus the whole Family, by the inſtigation of the Miſtreſs, is up in Arms againſt their Maſter, who creeps to Bed Supperleſs and Comfortleſs, the Children in the Night bawling about his ears, that he can take no reſt, which is done on purpoſe to diſturb him; thus he ſpends his days

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in Care, his Nights in Torment; and ſo we leave him to enjoy the Fruits of his Folly.

The fifth Comfort of Matrimony.

LOve or Luſt, call it what you pleaſe, may be counted (if at all) pardonable in Young; but in Old Men not to be endur'd; when they have exhauſted their *humidum radicale*, their Bodies being invaded by Rheum, and thoſe many Infirmities that attend Old Age. This is the Caſe at preſent of our Grave Senior who is Married to a Young Brisk Girl of a Nobler Extract than himſelf; but certainly there is reaſon in this, for ſhe might have been Matcht to a far greater advantage, but her Friends were forced to diſpoſe of her to any one (God wot) being but of a crackt Reputation, and having had a ſhrew'd Miſchance, the effect of her Youthful Wantonneſs; and tho this hath been frequently diſcours'd of about the Town, yet the doting Cornuto, is too Credulous to believe any ſuch Rampant Stories, but ſtands highly in her Vindication. Thus he, being well ſtricken in

years,

years, abandons all sorts of Pleasures, and only studies to turn the Penny to advantage, that he may maintain her according to her port, Gentilely: but his Lady being of a Generous Temper, and in the Vigour of her Youth, is no way inclineable to that close-fisted humour of her Avaricious Bedfellow, but resolved to pass her time jovially, and swim in Delight and Pleasure. To this purpose her first Intrigue is to get a Gallant, which is soon done by the opportunities She has at Treats and Meetings, whether She daily rambles, and an Assignation being made, they caress and embrace one another without controul or Suspicion; for her Honour must be still preserved untainted; and having diverted themselves with all the Amorous Sports and Love-Toys, that Wantonness ever could invent, the next Diversion is to Droll at her Aged Husband, who is buffooned on all sides by all Persons, but more particularly and bitterly by her Ladiship. Well! home she returns, big with expectation of her Gallants appointed Visit the next Morning, and to Bed with her Husband She goes, with as much love as the Devil has for Holy Water; and by that time his frozen Limbs are somewhat thaw'd with natural heat, the Cuckoldly

Goat

Goat muſt be up and at her; but She pretends She is very ill, drowſie and inclinable to ſleep; therefore pray (ſaith She) let me alone, you will infinitely oblige me, if you will forbear till Morning, and then I ſhall be fit for your ſervice; at which the Old Oaf turns for fear of diſpleaſing her; whoſe Head runs upon nothing but Meeting with her Friend, and contrives withal, (conſulting with her Pillow) how to put off the Old Man, that he ſhall not touch her, when Morning comes; which ſhe cunningly effects, as followeth; either ſhe riſes very early, leaves the old Gentleman faſt (for Age is Childiſh, and conſequently ſleepy for the moſt part) and is ſatisfied or tired with her Gallant, before Father Graybeard awakes: and then rummageth about the Houſe playing the Good Houſewife ſeemingly: or otherwiſe, ſhe does not riſe at all; but before day appears, ſhe ſighs and groans on purpoſe, that the good Gentleman may hear her, who preſently asks her how ſhe is: indeed love, ſaith ſhe, I have ſuch a pain in my ſide, accompanied with the Gripes, that I can take no reſt, I think it is my old Diſtemper: prethee, ſweet heart, turn to me: upon my faith, my Dear, I am all in a ſweat and dare not for fear of catching cold,

which may coſt me my life, being of a weak Conſtitution: then he covers her cloſe up, bids her be careful of her ſelf, and he will take care of her Houſhold-Affairs: up he gets without Fire or Candle, yet procures her a fire againſt her riſing: thus ſhe takes her eaſe, and laughs in her ſleeve at the Old Mans Folly, when he underſtands ſhe is up, he comes to ſee her very lovingly, and begins to be Amorous, but ſhe having a mind to diſappoint him, ſays, would it were God's Will that you would never meddle with me, till I did ask you: and would you not then, ſays he? no, upon my Conſcience, Love, I think not, and had I known but as much before, I would never have Married: Why then did you Marry, ſaith he? indeed Love, I know not; I was but a Young Girl and did it in obedience to the Commands of my Parents: what is the meaning on't, ſweet heart, you are always in this humour? I do not know, but indeed, Love, were it not to pleaſe you, I would never be troubled with due Benevolence, as you call it: thus ſhe wheedles the ſuperannuated Fop into a ſtrange conceit of her Chaſtity: ſo that this perſwaſion increaſeth the Flame of his Affection, which he thinks can never be extinguished. But now obſerve the damn'd

ſub-

ſubtilty of a wily Woman, who never wants one contrivance or other to chouſe any one she hath a mind to pleaſe. If she has a mind to Cajole him out of Cloaths, Rings, Jewels, Moneys, or any thing that ſhe fancies, the Scene is quite altered; then, when they are both warm in Bed, how the diſſembling Gipſie Kiſſes, Hugs and Squeezes him in her Arms, till his old bones rattle in his skin, and helps his aged Heavineſs with her youthful Activity, ſo that the old Man is in a kind of Extaſie, to find her ſo prodigal of her Favour and Kindneſs; prethee my Dear! (ſaith ſhe) have a great care of your ſelf, for my ſake, as well as your own; for my Life is bound up with yours, and one Grave muſt contain us both: Would to God I had no other Paradiſe on this ſide Heaven but to be Intombed in your Arms, this I ſpeak cordially, God is my Witneſs; and if any Man did ever touch my Lips, but your ſelf, and my Couſin, (and you allow of that by commanding me to do it,) then let my Puniſhment be never to receive Kiſs or Embrace from you more, and that I am ſure would ſoon break my poor Heart; for I am confident there is not a ſweeter Natured Man in the Univerſe, than you are. No, Love, ſaith he, except the Gentle-

man that Courted you before me: Pish Pish, says she, upon my Honour, I was smitten with you the first time I saw you, tho at a distance, I may very safely swear it was Love at first sight; I think it was a Match made in Heaven; for my Father would have Married me to that Gentleman, but I would never consent to it; I can give no reason for it, but it was Decreed it should be so. Thus she procures what she designed, tho at never so dear a rate, and this kind of Caressing soon opens the Miser's Coffers, who knows her temper so well, that she will never give over till she has her will, whatsoever it costs. Now she begins, being furnished, to think of other things; her Gallant, that she formerly maintained, must like her overworn Apparel, be laid aside, and a new, rich one embraced; but she is too crafty to be too forward, and keeps him at a bay for a time, refuseth his Presents and Visits, till her Plots are brought to Maturity: The young Gentleman is Enamoured, and wants an opportunity to meet with her Maid, which he soon obtain: Sweet-heart, quoth he, I must have a little Talk with you; that you may, Sir, if you please: you know (saith he) the extream Passion that I have for your Lady, do you think there

is any poſſibility of obtaining my deſires? Did ſhe ever mention me ſince the laſt interview? In truth, Sir, ſhe never opens her Lips, but to your Commendation, and I am ſatisfied ſhe wiſhes you well: Well, Child! I do wholly confide in you, do but have me ſo much in your thoughts, as now and then to ſpeak a good word for me, and you ſhall be no loſer by it; I will beſtow a new Gown upon you, and here are five Guineys to buy you Gloves: Excuſe me, Sir, ſaith ſhe, I ſhall not take them; but indeed, Sweet-Heart, you ſhall, and ſo at length, with ſome little perſwaſion, like a right Maid, ſhe crys Nay, and takes it: Away ſhe haſtens to her Lady, and acquaints her, that she had met with her Gallant: well, and what ſays he? Why, faith, Madam, I think he is a little Lunatick upon your account, for he neither knows what he does or ſays: But how doſt thou like him, Girl? good Faith, Madam, I look upon him to be the moſt Comely, Complete Gentleman that ever I ſet my eye on in my Life, and I am of Opinion, that he will be a very Fond and Faithful Lover: nay, he is a Gentleman every Inch of him, hath a very good Eſtate, and is able to Gratifie your Kindneſſes, by which Meaus you may embrace

a Happy and Comfortable Piece of Gallantry, as long as you have the enjoyment of each others Society. Introth I am at a loss, almost at my Wits end, I can get nothing out of my Husband, but what is absolutely neceſſary: Pray, Madam, Conſider of it, for I promiſed to return him an anſwer to morrow: But how Girl, shall we curry this Horſe? how shall we manage this Affair? As for that, Madam, let me alone I beſeech you, I shall meet him to Morrow-morning, and then I'll tell him plainly, that you would not ſo much as lend the leaſt Ear to my Diſcourſe, or conſent to any thing requeſted (do what I could) being ſo tender of your Honour and Reputation, and I am ſure I can Act a Diſſembling Part pretty well. In the Morning, after she had made him attend two Hours at leaſt, they meet together according to Appointment. How now, Sweet Heart, ſays the Gallant, how is it with your Lady? She is very Thoughtful and Penſive, full of Grief and Sorrow for the ill Uſage of her Husband, who is ſo wicked a Man to her, that it is not to be believed what the Poor Gentlewoman undergoes: I am ſorry for't (quoth he) with all my Heart; but what did your Lady ſay to you? upon my Faith, Sir, I

ſpake

ſpake to her, for which I have gained a great deal of ill Will; ſhe would not ſo much as hear me, nor conſent to any thing propos'd, ſo highly doth ſhe prize her Reputation, and if ſhe had a mind to be kind to her Neighbours, and Love them as her ſelf, ſhe is under an *Italian* ſlavery, being ſo kept in and Watcht by the old Lump of Jealouſie her Husband. I do not remember, that ſhe ever exchanged a word with any Man in Diſcourſe, ſince I have waited upon her, and I have been her Servant theſe four years and upwards, but only with your ſelf the other day, whom ſhe remembers ſtill, and for ought I know, to be plain with you, would ſooner love you, than any other in the World. Dear Child, (ſaith he) bring but that about, and I'll be your Eternal Friend. Truly Sir (ſaith ſhe) I have done already all that lies in my power as to that, and dare not attempt any further, but in any thing elſe feaſeable, Command me, and I'm your Servant. Prethee, adviſe me what to do in this Caſe: Why, your beſt way will be to make an Addreſs to her your ſelf, and now is the moſt Critical time in the World; for ſhe and her Husband are at Variance, and you will find her at Church, where you may make your Amours to her, Careſs

her, and present her,' tho I'm confident she'll refuse all; but no matter for that, she'll have a greater Esteem for you, notwithstanding her Denial, and will set a higher value upon your Generosity and Worth than you can possibly imagine, do as I counsel you, and so all happiness attend you (Sanctified Advice indeed in so Sanctified a Place, to make the Church a Brothel-House, and Religion a Pander to sordid Lust!) when you have acted your part, as I have told you, (saith this She-Emissary of the Devil) give me what you intend her as a Present, and I will so order the matter, that she shall accept of it, or do my utmost endeavour, tho I lose my labour. You say very well, my Dear Child! and so they part. Away runs this Gigling Baggage, and smiling at her Lady; upon my Soul, Madam, there are a great many Persons in the World, who would wish for your Happiness; for he is resolv'd to Accost you, and discover his whole mind; now summon all your discretion together, let this be your *dernier effort*, as the *Frenchman* terms it; carry your self strangely to him, and hold him in suspense for a time; for you know, 'tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear; but be sure you be not so severe in your Deport-

ment

ment as to Dash the Young Gentleman quite out of Countenance. Thus full freighted with hopes, she hastens to Church, stimulated by Lechery, rather than Devotion; where arrived, her Gallant attaques her, but she will consent to nothing, nor accept of his Presents; however she entertains him so favourably, that he may plainly discover her Affection to be more than ordinary: so they take leave with a light heart, and the Lady and her waiting Gentlewoman Consult how to manage the Business cleanlily without suspicion: I am satisfied, Madam, saith her Maid, that he has a longing desire to be wrapt up in your Embraces, and I will tell him my Master is gone into the Country for some time, and bring him the backway to your Chamber, in the deepest silence of the Night, (the Securest time for such Secresies) yet so that you shall seem to be altogether ignorant of my Design, and Counterfeit a real Passion for so strange and unworthy a surprisal, and withal acquaint him that you will cry out, and call upon me, and what he presents you with by my hands, do you obstinately refuse at first; Chide me for it before his face, press me to return it, but yet I hope you will have the grace at last to accept it, for

in truth there is no dealing with Men, but by out-doing them in Female-Craft, the only weapons we have to defend our ſelves againſt that Sex. Now this cunning Wench finds out the Gallant, who asks her what News? In ſhort Sir (ſaith ſhe) not to Trifle away time, which is very precious, if I could prevail with her to accept the preſent you intend her, the Buſineſs would be done effectually, aad to your ſatisfaction; the Gallant being raviſhed with her Diſcourſe, immediately puts fifty Guineys into her Hand, as a preſent of his Affection to her Lady. Well Sir (ſath ſhe) I will undertake one thing more, for I know my Lady has a kindneſs for you; therefore come you the back way, in the dead time of the Night, now my Maſter is abſent, and I will convey you to her Chamber, ſhe being Childiſh and conſequently Sleepy, you will have the better opportunity to uncloath your ſelf, and to Bed to her without Delay, or Ceremony, and in all probability the buſineſs will be done; for when you both are naked in one Bed, and in the dark too, there is no Diſpute of prevailing: come, come Sir! Women are Fleſh and Bloud, as well as Men, and ſubject to Failings as well as they: I queſtion not but you know the old Proverb,

Faint

Faint Heart ne'r won Fair Lady, therefore be Brisk and Active, and you need not despair of obtaining your desire, I'll pawn my Reputation for it. The Lady is informed of all Passages between them, the Presents are accepted, and the Chamber-maid finds the Lover at the Place and Time appointed. Conveys him to her Ladies Chamber, and so leaves him: Now you may imagine that his Desires being winged with Love, he was not long disrobing himself, but steals into Bed, and embraces her in his Arms, at which she seems to startle out of a feigned slumber, and says, what, my Dear, is it you? No, Madam, it is I, says the Gallant? how you? saith she, who are you? this is not to be endured; whereupon she struggles to rise, calls upon her Gentlewoman, twice or thrice, but alas! to no purpose: and great pity 'tis, that in such a time of Necessity the Maid would give her no answer: Ah! (saith she) I'm betray'd, and struggles for it, till her breath fail'd her, so that she was at his Mercy, who treated her very kindly, she enjoying such gentle usage as she expected, and they both design'd; yet, to speak the truth, Men are to blame for these rude Assaults: and what could a poor, weak Woman do alone, who

durst

durſt not cry out as loud as ſhe would, for fear of loſing her Reputation? but to make the beſt of a bad Market, here's their comfort ſtill, the Curtains cannot, and the Maid dares not tell any Tales. Thus they made the beſt improvement of their time, and when they had ſufficiently ſolaced 'emſelves parted amicably, till they ſhould have an opportunity to re-enjoy their delights, the next Aſſignation. But at length by ſome unlucky accident or other, old *Erra Pater*, the Husband, comes to be certainly informed of the whole matter, and indeed more than he car'd to hear, which puts him into a Raving Jealous Fit of Melancholy; he ſtamps and ſtares like one diſtracted; but ſhe being now fleſhed with Luſt, and ſeaſoned with impudence, gives him as good as he brings, upbraids him with his beggerly Relations, laughs him to ſcorn, and this is the only Mirth he is like to enjoy with a continuando, till at laſt dried up with grief, and ſhriv'd with Age he brings his Gray hairs with ſorrow to the Grave.

The

The ſixth Comfort of Matrimony.

THE next Married Couple we meet with enjoy the Comforts of Matrimony, as much as any of the five preceeding: and here it is the fortune of a Man, to be Wedded to a Woman of ſo croſs and domineering a Temper, that ſhe will wear the Breeches and the Cap too, ſo that the poor Fop at Home is like *John* Hold-my-ſtaff, ſhe muſt Rule, Govern, Inſult, Brawl, underſtand all concerns at home and abroad, anſwer all buſineſſes, manage all Affairs, tho ſhe be never ſo well maintained, and want for nothing, yet he muſt be in the Family like a meer Cypher, and her whole delight and deſign is to Plague and Torment him. And thus ſhe begins; when they have paſt away the Night very ſportingly, and enjoy'd the delights of the Marriage Bed, as all good People ought to do, her Husband leaves her in a very good humour, to dreſs and Trim her ſelf up, he, in the mean time, while ſhe is Tricking, takes care of the Domeſtick Affairs, and when Dinner is ready

ready, ſends for his Wife to accompany him; but word is brought ſhe will not Dine to day, go agen (ſaith he) and bid her come, the Maid does ſo, and tells her Miſtreſs. my Maſter deſires you to come, go and tell him once more, that I will not come: the Good man is not ſatisfied with this anſwer, but ſends a third time, but to no purpoſe; ſo that at length he goes himſelf, and asks her why ſhe will not come to Dinner? not a word will ſhe give him; what ail'ſt thou, my Dear? not a Syllable will ſhe return, but Pout and Frown, he inquires of the Family what is the Reaſon, but cannot receive any ſatisfaction; when as the truth is, ſhe ailes nothing, but only reſolves to be Dogged, and perhaps will not come to Dinner, do what he can; at other times, poſſibly he may prevail with her, when he hath begged ſo long till the meat is ſpoiled at the Fire, or cooled on the Table, and then he leads her to Dinner, but ſhe has no ſtomach, not one Morſel will go down, and he like a Fop, to comply with her froward humour, will faſt likewiſe, but the more fool he, for the more kindneſs he ſhews her, the more ſhe ſlights him; and in my Opinion, ſhe is to be commended, for what need any Woman Court his favour, that doates upon her already?

ready? If he should despise and contemn her, then she had reason to screw her self into his affection, if possible. Another trick she has to vex him, and that is this, when he is abroad, he sometimes accidentally meets with some of his intimate acquaintance, to whom he is infinitely obliged, and has a design to Treat them at his own House, which is more Gentile, and less chargeable than at the Tavern; away he sends his Servant to her, who when he comes, says, Mistress, my Master will be here in the Evening with three or four Friends, Persons of good Repute, and desires you would provide every thing necessary for their reception. Upon my faith (saith she) not I, I will have nothing to do with his Treats, why did he not come himself? I don't know that, Mistress, but this he commanded me to tell you: Go, go, you are a very Rogue, and meddle with that, that does not concern you. Well, to shew her readiness and obedience, she first sends all the Servants abroad, except a well-instructed Maid or two, brought up to her own hand, that have the length of her foot exactly, and then she whips into her Chamber, and locks her self up. When her Husband comes home, he asks if every thing be ready, according to his order; truly

truly Sir, ſaith the Maid, my Miſtreſs is very ill, and there is no body at home to do any thing; this puts our Maſter (if he may be ſo called without offence) into a great Chafe, but however leads his Friends into the Parlour, where all things are out of order, and therefore goes to his Wife, why have you ſerved me ſo? ſaith he, Sir, you do command ſo many things at once, that I do not know which to turn my ſelf to firſt. Fy! Fy! ſaith he, you have done me the greateſt diskindneſs imaginable; for theſe are the only Perſons in the World, that I am obliged to. And how can I help it? (ſays ſhe) what would you have me to do? You ſhew your Wiſdom in it indeed; well do what you pleaſe; I'm ſure it don't pleaſe me. But heark you Gentlewoman, why did you ſend the Servants out of the way? God bleſs me, what a Queſtion is that from a wiſe Man as you are? Did I know, or could I divine, think you, that you had any occaſion for them? When the miſchievous wretch ſent them out of the way, on purpoſe to diſappoint and Fret him. Away he goes agen to his Friends in a fury, but ſhe values it not, knowing the Storm will ſoon blow over. To be ſhort, he buſtles about, and ſets all things in as good order as he can. Then

he

he ſends for ſome of the Table-Linnen, and word is brought there's none to be had. He goes to his Wife, and tells her what a ſhame and diſgrace it will be, both for him and her, not to have fine Linnen, ſhe tells him there is Linnen out already, good enough for them; for I'm ſure my Friends and Relations are content with it, when they beſtow a Viſit on us, and I'm ſure they are as good as the beſt of them, but however to ſatisfie you, all the beſt Linnen is in the Waſh, except what is under Lock and Key in the Trunk, and the Keys were loſt this Morning; but you had beſt go ask the Chamber-Maid, and bid her ſeek them; for I know not what is become of them, I have ſo many things running in my head, that I do not know ſometimes what I do, I am in ſuch diſtraction and confuſion. Then the Fop bites the Lip, ſcratches his empty Nodle, and raps out a great Oath, being enraged (and cauſe enough too) that he will quickly make the Locks flie, if they do not find the Keys, and that ſpeedily too. Say you ſo, good Sir, quoth ſhe, I would I could ſee that once, you would ſhew a great deal of diſcretion in ſuch an action, I confeſs; but his heat being ſomewhat allay'd, he conſiders ſhe is in the right, and ſo they

fall

fall to what is before them; the best Wine, Meat and every thing, being at her disposal, but they are like to go without it, for all her Huffing Husband. Nay they must not have clean Sheets, but lie in Foul Linnen. Well! in the Morning they take their leaves, and divert themselves upon the Road with the Poor, over-ridden Fools affliction, resolving never more to set foot within his doors. When they are gone, he attaques his Wife (thinking to bestow a little moderate reproof upon her) saying, indeed, my Dear, you are a very strange Woman, and I do not at all understand your froward humor: Lord bless me, saith she, what ado you keep about me? I am weary of my Life, would I were as deep in the ground as I am high; I am up early, and down late, feeding your Poultry, looking after your Domestick Affairs, Spinning, Carding, and what not, never Idle, I am sure the Care I take will shorten my days; and yet all this does not deserve (the more's my grief) so much as one good word from you, I scrape at home, and am as sparing as can be, and you spend all abroad, yet you are not content. Thus they live a discontented, wretched Life, old Age creeps upon him, Grief seizeth him; he grows a

Sot,

Sot, and ſhe makes a Beaſt of him; he is intangled in the Net, and if he makes himſelf away, or comes to ſome ill End, he may thank himſelf for it, and verifies the old Proverb, *Marriage and Hanging go by Deſtiny*, and there is an end of him.

The ſeventh Comfort of Matrimony.

THE Grave *Italians* have a Proverb, that *Honeſt Men Marry, but wiſe Men don't*, and that is the Reaſon we have ſo many Fops in the World, and ſo few diſcreet Perſons. Our next Married Couple that we ſhall repreſent to you, we will ſuppoſe to be well Matcht, and they enjoy themſelves for ſome time; but the cleareſt Sun may be often overcaſt with Clouds, and then according to the *Lyric* Poet,

Deſinit in Piſcem Mulier formoſa ſuperne.

A Fair Morning may end in a Lowring Evening. In the heat and vigor of Youth their days may be ſomewhat Pleaſant; but

but the Woman decays not so soon as the Man, let their condition be what it will, for he is often haraſſed and broken with Carking Care, whilſt ſhe grows plump with Delight and Pleaſure: And as for her Pain and Peril of Child-bearing, I do no more wonder at it, than at the laying of a great Egg, by a Hen, or a Gooſe, the ordinary effect of Nature, no more, notwithſtanding all their Tittle Tattle, the Hen being always the fatter for laying, whilſt the Cock ſcrapes and provides for her, as the honeſt Married Man for his Wife. And when the poor Man begins to decline, grow weak and imbecile, the good Wife continuing ſtill very Blithe and Gameſome, then the former Delights, Amorous Tricks, Kind Expreſſions, Wanton Looks and Glances, are turned into downright Scolding, and endleſs Contention. Well! at length ſhe begins to diſcover her good Temper, ſhe looks ſowerly upon him with a Cloudy Countenance, ſlights and neglects him as inſufficient, and is much concern'd at the Diſappointment of his Impetuous Nerve, his Heat and Activity being loſt, or at leaſt abated. Then ſhe grows of Opinion, that God and the Laws did certainly ordain a Woman more than one

Man

Man as well in *England* as in *Turkey*, and other well Regulated Countries, and ſaith ſhe will run the *Riſque*, and try how other Men are Weapon'd and Qualified for the Sport, and now the Game begins, ſhe grows worſe and worſe to him, leads him a ſad Life, that the fooliſh Man had better have choſen a Halter than a Wife, becauſe the former might have prov'd the end, whereas the latter is but the beginning of his Miſery: For now through her looſe courſe of Life, the Candle burns at both ends, they live at Rack and Manger (as the old ſaying is) and all tends to Ruine and Deſtruction, both of Soul and Body. Thus ſhe Conſumes with her unlawful Luſt, what he has Raked together by his lawful Care and Labour: Then he capitulates with himſelf, and ſays, 'tis ſtrange to me that my Eſtate ſhould dwindle away at this rate, I am ſure, I have ever had a care of the Main Chance, and paid every one their own, lived ſparingly, cloathed my ſelf meanly, and all to no purpoſe; for I can ſcarce keep the Wolf from the door. At length he grows Jealous of his Wife, and imputes all his Misfortune to her Miſcarriage; but upon Examination of the whole, ſhe wheadles him ſo cunningly by her Woman-craft,

that

that he is satisfied those Reports of her Immodesty are false and malicious: She claps her hands upon his Head and wishes the Devil had all that is under her Hands, if ever any Man kist her but himself: and so the Fool is reconciled to his good Wife: Nay she proceeds farther; As for that Villain that misinformed you, since it must out, I'll tell you the whole truth of the Story; this Base, Perfidious Varlet hath been these two years attempting my Chastity, but I have hitherto, (I thank my God for it) kept my self Pure, Undefiled, and repulsed him to his shame, if he has any in him, notwithstanding all his large Proffers and specious Pretences. Can it enter into your thoughts, sweet Heart! that I should ever defile your Bed, away with all such vain imaginations! Can it be supposed, that I should leave so kind and comely a Man as you are, for the Embraces of another? I were worse than the Devil himself, if I should take such Hellish Courses; however I forgive him that has so basely bespattred me; but I must beg this Favour of you, that you never suffer him to set foot again within these doors; for if you do I will shun him *Cane pejus & angue*, more than a curst Cur, or a poisonous Adder; and

and I'll assure you, if I find you keep the least Correspondence with him for the future, I will pack up my Awls, be gone from you, and will never live with you while I have breath in my body: God forbid that you should ever live to see that day wherein I should defile your Bed; no, no, my Dear, it is not come to that yet; and then she bursts out with Tears, wringing her hands, and bitterly exclaiming against that Wretch with all imaginable Female Invectives. Well! all is well; he is Banished the House, and the Good-man rails against him for a great Rogue, to abuse his good, Modest Wife in so high a Nature. Thus he grows fonder and fonder, becomes a meer Ass, is infatuated by his Wife, and transfigur'd into a Beast, without Sense or Reason. Thus she has got the Day, wears the Breeches (and those Women are Fools that do not if they can) has freer access to her Gallant, unsuspected than formerly, and the Fop her Husband is deaf to all Accusations: at length through this Dotage he falls into extream Penury, and finds to his Cost, *Sera est in fundo Parsimonia*, 'Tis too late to be saving, when there is nothing to save; these are the Pleasures and Comforts of a Married Life; he is made the

Scorn

Scorn and Scoff of the Neighbourhood, some perhaps may be so kind as to pitty the Honest Man; Wise Men reject him, and slight his Company; his Wife smiles at his Folly, enjoys her stolen Amours undiscovered: grows at length as common as a Barber's Chair, no sooner one is out but another's in; exposeth her Body to every Person, who is sufficiently Tool'd for her Salaciousness; and at last (as a just Reward of her Debauchery and Lasciviousness) gets the Foul Disease of some Fouler Rascal, gives it her good Husband, in Retaliation of all his fondness, so that they live in pain all the days of their lives, and at last end their days unpitied, loathsomly and wretchedly.

The eighth Comfort of Matrimony.

OUR next Married Couple that we are to discourse of are Persons well enough Matched, if they could be content with what they have: God hath bless them with five or six sweet Children Liv-

ing

ing, and the Wife is as big as ſhe can Tumble with another. The time of her delivery, and his charges draws nigh, and all things muſt be made ready for the good Wives that are about her; at length after ſome ſharp Throws, they give her over for dead, the poor man is almoſt at his wits end, when he firſt hears that diſmal news, runs about like a Mad Man for help, falls on his knees, prays for her ſafe delivery, his Prayers are heard, and ſhe is brought to bed of a Luſty Boy. Now there is nothing but Carouzing and and Rejoycing throughout the Family, the Tap runs apace, but the Goſſips Tongues, oyld with Liquor, faſter, interlarded with ſmutty diſcourſe, ſuitable to the preſent occaſion. The Spring of the Year is now coming on, and every one of any Quality is preparing for the Country to View Natures Green Tapeſtry, and hear the Warbling Nightingale Carol her ſweet Notes in the pleaſant ſerenity of the quiet Evening, and among the reſt, the Wife muſt go to take the Country-Air after her lying in, and 'tis but requiſite for her healths ſake: but how to perſwade him to take this Journy, ther's the buſineſs. Now ſhe begins to ſet all Engines at work

To that purpose; first she comes home discontented, and is very Snappish to her Husband; what's the matter? Love! saith he, what makes you so out of humour? the matter, quoth she, I think I have reason enough, the Child is very much distempered with a Violent Burning Feaver, insomuch, that the Nurse protests to me (tho it was a long time 'ere I could get it out of her) that the poor Babe hath not taken the Breast these four days. I am heartily troubled, and know not how to help my self; but that which afflicts me most is, that upon my conscience, I believe God Almighty punishes the Child for my sins, for I made a vow to go into the Country, and I shall never be at rest, till I have performed it. Why, sweet heart? saith he, have a little Patience, the time is not yet elapsed, you need not be so hasty: I have a great deal of business to dispatch, and that of Concernment too, now when that is over you shall go where you please. In troth, saith she, don't tell me of business, I must go, and I will go, there's no necessity for my stay, I'm sure I can do you no service; and as for the charges, which I know is all your grief and fear, I will pinch them out some way

or

or other, tho I abate it in Houſe-keeping; This you do to perſwade the world what a good Husband you are; but if the truth were known, you will be found to ſave at the Spigot, and let it run out at the Bung hole. The poor Man being thus Schooled by his Wife, muſt provide for this Journey, or elſe all the Fat's in the Fire; there will be no quietneſs, if ſhe does not go abroad. Well the time is come, and they muſt ſet forward. Horſes are provided, and a new Riding Garb for the Wife, he himſelf waits upon her, and muſt be as Tractable as a Spaniel upon the Road; his Wife is always wanting one thing or other; the Stirrup is too ſhort, or too long, the Pillion is not well fixt, her Scarf flies off; the Horſe Trots too hard, and makes her ſick, ſo that ſhe muſt light and take a Walk, then ſhe muſt be helpt up again, and this unneceſſary trouble hath the noddy brought upon himſelf, beſides the deſtillations that ſhe is troubled with every quarter of a Mile, ſhe having the Diabetes, and cannot hold water long. Being arriv'd at the place intended; ſhe is diſcompoſed with her Journey, and her ſtomach grows ſo nice, that it Kecks at ſuch Courſe food, as

Beef and Mutton, and ſhe muſt have a Fowl to pick upon. Well away goes the contented Fool, and Trudges about the Town for ſome Dainty bit to pleaſe his Lady, coſt it never ſo much; for you know, far ſought, and dear bought is fit for ſuch Cattle; and when he comes home, if his Marketting diſpleaſeth her, then ſhe, as well as the reſt of her Sex, falls fowl on the Good man, ſaying, in truth you are the ſtrangeſt perſon that ever liv'd, not at all fit to Travel; not at all Complaiſant, you know not how to oblige our Sex. The Patient Fop hears all and bears all, being accuſtomed to ſuch kind of reproof, as the Tinker's Dog is to carry the Budget. After they have ſolaced themſelves at this Pleaſant rate, as long as ſhe thinks convenient, home they return, find all things out of order, the Horſe dead in the Stable, the Servants Gadding abroad after their own Invention, all their Mony ſpent, that he cannot buy any more, and therefore muſt foot it about his own occaſions; and ſhe will not ſet her hand to do the leaſt chair in the Houſe, till ſhe hath had a Fortnights reſt after her Travelling; only go a Viſiting, Chat with her Goſſips, and complain of the unſerviceableneſ

viceableneſs of her Husband throughout the whole Journey. The poor Man he ſettles to work, endeavours to ſet all things to rights, takes a great deal of pains; and if any thing is in fault, he's hit in the Teeth with it; but if all things be well and in order, that muſt be imputed to her good management. In fine, ſhe is ſo taken with her Country-Journey, that ſhe is reſolved to be Travelling once a Year, what ever comes on't, and he ſhall be at the Charge of it. Thus his Expences increaſe with his Years, he is afflicted with the Wracking Gout, and (which is a worſe Diſtemper) a Froward Woman, that makes the ſmall Remainder of his days, comfortleſs; for ſhe will Rule the Roaſt, muſt have her Will in all things, will be Miſtreſs and Govern, whilſt he ſtands only for a Cipher at Home, and at length thro Grief and Diſcontent, becomes a meer Skeleton, and Languiſheth away to nothing.

The Ninth Comfort of Matrimony.

WHen a Man hath once thrown himſelf into the Net, or rather Priſon of a Family, and taken a brisk Wife, then the Comforts of Marriage daily flow in upon him: This Wife you muſt underſtand is a Haughty, Proud Spirited Woman, and would fain Domineer over her Husband; but he being a Prudent Man, manages his Affairs with ſuch Diſcretion, that ſhe, to her great Grief finds, ſhe ſhall never get the upper hand. Thus for a time he is Head of the Family, and Governs his Wife and Children with Credit and Reputation; he is happy in a numerous Iſſue of both Sexes; hath Educated them all very well, and Match'd them to good Fortunes; but mark what follows; When all this is done, being full of years, the Infirmities of Old-age at laſt ſeize him, and he is Fettred to his Chamber, by ſome Tedious and Chronical Diſtemper, ſo that he is not able to move or ſtir out of his Chair. Now the Domeſtick War begins *de novo*; the Wife will do nothing but what

what ſhe pleaſeth, tho ſhe was formerly kept under Hatches; the Poor Man is now her Priſoner, and at her Mercy; the Wife grows Surly and Sawcy, the Children Maſterleſs, the Servants Unruly; and if the Husband attempts to Correct them, ſhe is ready to fly in his face for it. Seeing himſelf thus Abuſed by his Wife, Diſobeyed by his Children, and ſlighted by his Servants, he takes it very much to heart: But that which Afflicts him moſt is the Extravagancy of his eldeſt Son and Heir, Bolſtred up by his Mother, only to break the old Man's Heart, and make him end his Life Miſerably. If he thinks of a Will, that he ſhall not be permitted to do, for fear he ſhould bequeath ſomewhat to his Poor Relations, or be too Laviſh in Charitable Legacies: Now the old Gentleman is left in the Cold alone, unregarded, whilſt ſhe Goſſips about in the Pariſh, and declares the Curriſh Uſage of her Huſband; had I not been (ſaith ſhe) a Woman of a matchleſs Patience, I could never have lived with him half this time: but this is not all; for when ſhe comes home ſhe throws it in his diſh frequently, and tells him now upbraidingly, that God Rewards him for it. The Good Man is

reſolved to Admoniſh her and her Children fairly, to ſee whether that will work any Good upon her, and to that end calls them before him: My Dear! you are the only perſon that I ever Loved, and yet give me leave to tell you that I am not pleaſed with your Carriage in many Particulars: You know I am Maſter of the Houſe, and will be as long as I live (but, faith, Old Gentleman you are miſtaken, quoth the good Wife ſoftly and ſmilingly) tho I am not uſed like one at preſent: You know farther how I have ever Cheriſhed you, as the Beloved Wife of my Boſom, and kept you as tender as the Apple of my eye, but neither you, nor my Children have behaved your ſelves as you ought to do. What would you have done? I trow, ſaith ſhe, you are too well uſed, you do not know when you are well; there is nothing we can do to pleaſe you. Would you have us ſtand demurely before you with our fingers in our mouths? Not ſo neither, I do not deſerve this Taunting Language at your hands. Then he turns to his eldeſt Son: Son, (ſaith he) I have made ſome Obſervations of your Behaviour, with which I am very much Diſſatisfied. You are my Eldeſt Son and Heir

Heir 'tis true; but I ſee you Laviſh away my Eſtate Profuſely, with Profligate and Debauch'd Company: I have been a good Father, have Improved your Eſtate, and ſhall leave you a Plentiful Revenue, if you be Obedient and Dutiful, but otherwiſe, I ſwear by all that is good and Sacred, you ſhall never enjoy my Eſtate. What would you have him to do? ſaith ſhe, one ſhall have enough to do to pleaſe you: Do you want for any thing? What would you be at I wonder? I never ſaw the Peer of you, I vow to God; you are neither pleaſed full, nor faſting. Pray Woman, hold you your Tongue, and do not uphold him againſt me, tho it hath been ever your way to do ſo. This done, the Mother and her Son lay their Heads together, and reſolve to give out, that the Old man is Craz'd, grown a Child again, and make the World believe he is Senſeleſs: if any one comes to ſpeak with him, and asks the Good Lady for the Good Man; ſhe preſently Anſwers, Alas, Poor Gentleman! he is faſt enough in God Almighty's Dungeon; and how came that to paſs, Madam? God knows, Sir, for I do not, He is grown a Dotard, I am ſure I have no comfort or help of him, God help me,

and grant me Patience to undergoe my Afflictions. Truly, Madam, I am heartily ſorry for it. Thus is the Old Gentleman Concealed from the World, and Confined to his Chamber, ſo that he cannot Redreſs or help himſelf, nor undeceive the World of the wrong done him. This he muſt needs undergo with a great deal of Grief and inward Regret: but ſince he finds no other Remedy, he is reſolved to bear it Patiently. For my part, I look upon this to be as great a Torment as can be upon Earth, for a Man to be well ſtricken in years, Diſeaſed and Troubled with a Painful Diſtemper, Sequeſtred from all Friends and Relations, Debarred of all Company, but ſuch as rather add to, than diminiſh his Sorrow. Thus he Lingers away in Grief, Pines with Pain, Languiſheth with Sorrow, lives Wretchedly, but I hope dies Happily; tho my Prayers ſhall be, that Fortune would bring her to ſome ſhameful End, that occaſion'd it, and ſo Farewel, thou worſt of Women!

The tenth Comfort of Matrimony.

HE that is once decoy'd into the Net of Matrimony, muſt bear with his Misfortune as well as he can; for 'tis a hard thing for him to get out of the Nooz, when he is once faſtned, as will appear by this enſuing Diſcourſe. Our Married Man here, that is to taſte of the Tenth Comfort of Marriage (much good do his heart with it) is but a Puny, Diminutive, Conſumptive Animal, neither gifted with Weapons nor Activity to pleaſe a Wife; and ſhe, after an Eſſay made of his Ability, complains to her Mother, that ſhe cannot love him, he is ſo Lean and Meager, that it is as good lying with a parcel of Carpenter's Tools, as with him, his skin is ſo lanck, and his bones ſo ſharp and extended, that when he toucheth her in Bed, he pricks her like ſo many Needles, tho not in the proper place, a Life that no poor Woman can bear; ſhe wants due Benevolence, and requires more Milk than he can give her, and therefore is reſolved to Lap elſewhere. Now the Solace of Matrimo-

ny begins to appear, *Tantalus*-like, ſhe is up to the Chin in Water, and can neither drink, nor eat thoſe Apples that lie bobbing at her Mouth; a ſad condition for a Hungry and Thirſty Soul: Abroad ſhe roams, picks up the firſt Stallion that comes to Hand, and enjoys him as often as ſhe has opportunity. *Stolen Waters are ſweet*, they ſay, and it appears ſo by this Gentlewoman; but the Miſchief on't is, that by ill Conduct of Affairs, her Husband diſcovers her Amorous Intrigue, ſpoils her Gaming, and corrects her ſeverely for her Impudence; inſomuch, that ſhe deſerts him, and goes to her Friends, Complaining with feigned tears, of his Harſh Uſage to her, and ſhews the Marks of his ſeverity to her Relations, who pitty her, and curſe him. This is an excellent Comfort of Matrimony. Thus Pleaſure ſalutes him in the very Infancy of his Wedded Condition, and will undoubtedly continue to the end. However the fond Fop, being deprived of his Wife, bemoans her abſence every night in his Widdow'd Sheets, and is at a great loſs for a Bed-fellow: He cannot endure this Life long, and therefore the poor Cornuto muſt ſend for her again; finding him in this

this Loving Pickle, Poor thing! the Bowels of her Affection wamble not after a Husband (having been all this while ſtewed in the warm Embraces of her Gallant) and procures her Mother to give out, that ſhe hath been all this while under her Tutelage; then having an Oppottunity to meet with her Husband, Rattles him ſoundly for his Baſeneſs toward her Daughter, telling him, that her Poor Child was forced to run away from him, becauſe ſhe went in danger of her Life all the time ſhe co-habited with him: I had rather, ſaith ſhe, by half, that you would turn her Home to me, and part good friends, than to abuſe her ſo as you do; and withal take notice that your Behaviour to the Poor Girl is enough to make her do what ſhe never thought of, and make your Head ake in ſpite of your Teeth, take that from me, Sir, ſince you are as you are. Being thus Lectured by the Mother, he ſeems to be very ſorrowful, and hath a Moneths mind to the Daughter; nothing will ſerve him, but he muſt have her again, and has her *de bene eſſe*, upon promiſe of Reformation. Overjoy'd with the repurchaſe of his Wife, he grows kind even to Wonder, hops about with her

from

from place to place, till his Money is all hop'd from him, and then returns home with an empty Pocket, but a heavy Heart, God knows. Or elſe, if this Wheedle does not take, a Divorce is endeavour'd on both ſides to be procured, but for want of ſufficient Cauſe of Separation, or by reaſon of a conſiderable Flaw in the Evidence, the Judge condemns them to live according to their Marriage Vow, and impoſes a ſmart Fine upon them for their Folly; ſo that the Caſe is worſe and worſe, they are both doom'd to a Loathed Bed, and a Life which an *Ideot* hath ſeuſe enough to avoid, rather than be ſo tormented, and expoſe themſelves Ludibriouſly to the Cenſure of the whole World. Now if it falls out, that there is ſufficient Cauſe for a Divorce, their miſery is not at all abated; for they muſt never Marry while they live; and if they are not ſo Continent, as to forbear Venereal Divertiſements, they muſt e'en run the riſque of a Swinging Clap, and the loſs of Reputation; ſo that by this means they are caught, and fatter in the Net than ever; and if they are of a Noble Family, Rich in Lands and Poſſeſſions, then their Names are loſt for want of an

Heir,

Heir, and they go out of the World with an ill ſtench, their Reputation being rotten before their Duſt, and their memory is more nauſeous than their Bones in the Grave. He is ſorely troubled at the Bad Report of his Wife, and can go into no Company, but her miſdeeds are diſplay'd before him, to his Grief, and her own Shame, an Invenom'd Tongue making a deep and incurable Wound; thus he ſees himſelf the May-Game and Sport of every Flouting Fellow, and ſilently bears all that's thrown at him: every one has a fling at his Jacket, and the Gallants many at his Wife's Placket, who keep her under his very Noſe, to the grief of his Heart, he pacing about the Town *Actæonniz'd*, and admir'd by the Boys and Rabble, a Torment ſufficient, I confeſs, to diſcompoſe a wiſer Head; but no matter, it is no more than he deſerves, and all ſuch contented Cuckolds: Let him live as long, and as well as he can, I'll not envy his Happineſs, and when ever he Dyes, I hope I ſhall die in a better, tho not ſo contented a Condition.

The

The eleventh Comfort of Matrimony.

WHen a brave. young Gentleman is at his own freedom, and has the World in a ſtring, he may ſteer his own Courſe without care or controle. This our Gallant here, we intend to mention, has a good Eſtate, keeps high Company, Careſſes Handſome Ladies, gives himſelf over to all manner of Pleaſure, is his Father's only Son and Joy. At length this Spark meets with a Young, Comely, Brisk, Sanguine Complexioned Lady, who can never long withſtand a Suit well managed with Judgment, and well-tim'd with diſcretion, (tho every Women of what Complexion ſoever will permit a Man to ſcrew himſelf into her Conſtitution, if ſhe likes him) he hath made many and tedious Addreſſes to her, laid cloſe Siege to her Chaſtity, ſo that the poor thing is able to hold out no longer, but muſt yield up the Fort, grants his requeſt, and expoſeth her ſelf to his looſe Embraces.

But

But the worſt is to come, this is not all; the little viripotent Youngling of fifteen is Prolific, and proves with Child, for which there can be no other Remedy then Concealment, and as good luck would have it, the Mother had been in the Oven before, and underſtood well enough how to make the beſt of a bad Market, for the poor Girl knows not ſhe is with Child, tho the Mother does, and ſhe has not long to reckon; ſhe pukes every Morning, making ſtrange Grimaces, and complains that her ſtomack is untoward, and out of order: Well! without all Queſtion, ſaith the Mother, you are with-Child; now mind what I am going to ſay to you; as for your Gallant I have forbidden him my Houſe for ever, he being too mean a match for you; be ſure Huſſy you never open your lips of this unlucky Job (which came by Jobbing) to any Chriſtian Soul, and obſerve punctually what I ſhall ſay to you. Did you never take notice of the young Eſq; that comes here ſometimes? yes, Madam, ſaith ſhe; well take ſpecial notice of him next time, and he has promiſed to be here to Morrow: Behave your ſelf diſcreetly, and ſhow him a Pleaſant Countenance: and when you ſpy me

a talking with the reſt of the Company; dart a favorable, faſcinating Glance upon him, caſt a ſheeps eye at him, do you underſtand me Girl? yes, Madam; obſerve my directions: if he will keep you in diſcourſe, anſwer him Modeſtly, if he profers you Marriage, return him thanks innocently, but withal give him to underſtand, that you know not what it is, nor do you deſire to learn: If he offers you a preſent either of Gold or Silver, be ſure you refuſe it harmleſly; but if it be with a Jewel, Diamond, or Ring; do as Maids uſe to do, deny it modeſtly at firſt, ſay nay, and then take it. When he takes his leave of you, ask him mildly, when you ſhall ſee him again? This Noble blade is but an Inch of this ſide of a Natural, has a vaſt Eſtate, but a meer Town-Fop, whom the Mother will, if poſſible, work upon to Marry her Daughter, ſo that he is in great danger of being caught in the net, and finely Bubled. Well! he repeats his Viſits, as cloſe as he can one upon the neck of the other: is very well received, ſplendidly Treated, and after dinner withdraws with the young Lady, and Complements her apart from the Company, takes her by the hand, and thus (like a

fool

fool as he is) accoſts her. Madam, I wiſh with all my Soul, that you knew but the thoughts of my heart. Alas! Sir that's impoſſible, unleſs you diſcover them; I hope you think of no harm. Upon my Faith, not I Madam, nor of any thing but what I would willingly have you know, and that without my telling it. Truly Sir ſaith ſhe, and Uſhers her diſcourſe with a charming Smile: I cannot Divine, and therefore 'tis impoſſible for me to underſtand you. If I thought Madam, you would not be diſpleaſed, I would faithfully diſcover them. Sir replies the Young Lady, you have your freedom to ſay what you pleaſe; for I have ſo good an opinion of you, that I preſume you can ſay nothing but what is Commendable and Civil. Madam, ſaith he, I am a Perſon, I muſt confeſs, unworthy to Kiſs your hands, and dare not preſume to Marry you being a Lady adorn'd with all Natures Perfection: but if you pleaſe to do me that Honour, (expect no Ceremony from me, Madam) I dare boaſt from my Heart, that I could love you with all my Soul, and that no man can Love you better, nor ſerve you with that ſubmiſſion and Affection that I can and will, for I reſolve never to forſake you,

you let what will befall me, and I ſhall be a
tender of your Reputation, as my own.
return you thanks Sir, ſaith ſhe, but I be
ſeech you, ceaſe your Diſcourſe do not har
upon that ſtring any longer; for I know
not what it means, nor will I learn, that
flat and Categorical; This Diſcourſ
would offend my Mother, if it ſhould reac
her ear. Faith, Madam, your Mother i
a very good Woman; but, if you pleaſe
your Mother ſhall know nothing of it
I will be wholly directed by your Com
mands. Why do you ſay ſo Sir, I am confi
dent it would not be for your Good, nei
ther would your Friends adviſe you to an
ſuch thing: Pray Sir forbear this kind o
Talk; for if my Mother ſhould hear it,
am utterly undone; here the Mother gav
her a Nod, ſeeing them both very earnes
in Diſcourſe, for fear ſhe ſhould Miſcarry
and not Act her part well: Then the Net
led Youth claps a Ring in her hand, an
begs of her to accept it for his ſake; indee
Sir I ſhall not; I beſeech you Madam
wear it for my ſake; well Sir, ſaith ſh
at laſt, ſince it muſt be ſo, it ſhall be ſo
and I will wear it upon your account
Then the Mother comes to him, an
tells him, to Morrow Sir we deſign to
ride

ri le a little way out of Town, to take the Freſh Air; at which he rejoyceth; when the time of Departure is come, the Buſineſs is ſo ordered, that there is never a Horſe in the Company carries double, but the young Gentleman's, at which he is not a little pleaſed; ſo it falls out happily, that his Miſtreſs is ſet behind him, who hugs the Pummel of her Sadle for her own Security, I leave you to judge whether he likes his Company or no: the Gentleman is very near the Net; for this Journey was only undertaken to catch the Young Widgeon; he keeps cloſe to his Miſtreſs, and when the Mother finds an opportunity, ſhe enquires of her Daughter how ſquares go, and ſhe tells her all: From henceforward, ſaith ſhe, Daughter, whatever you do, carry your ſelf diſcreetly, if he talks of Marrying you, tell him, you muſt acquaint me with it, but withal, that he is the only Man in the World you love, and that you will never have any but him. Then they take a Walk in the Garden, then he takes her by the hand, and ſays, Fine Lady! take pity of me, I beſeech you: Pray Sir, talk no more on't, for if you do, I will forſake your Company: Spare me one word more without offence,

offence, if you would be pleaſed to Crown me with this Happineſs, I ſhould take it for the greateſt Honour that was ever confer'd upon Mortal. Sir, ſaith ſhe, it muſt be propoſed to my Relations, or elſe I can ſay nothing to't: If I thought they would approve of it, I would propoſe it my ſelf; for God's ſake, ſaith the cunning Gipſie, have a care, that you do not ſay a word of my propoſing any ſuch thing, for I ſhould die through ſhame, if any ſuch thing ſhould be ſaid of me; no I, upon my Faith, Madam, and then away he goes to the Mother, and diſcourſes the buſineſs ſo reſpectively, that it is cocluded, and they make up the Match immediately; the ſooner, the better, all things conſidered, for *Hans in Kelder's* ſake: Now the Poor Gentleman is in the Net, and no body as yet knows of it; but at laſt it comes to the Ears of his Parents, who are grieved at the very heart knowing it to be too inferiour a Match for their Son: thus they are Wedded in haſte, and may repent at leiſure; he was Married without Licence, unaskt at Church, without any Ceremony; any way in the World, ſo that the buſineſs be once over. Well night draws on, the Mother

take

takes her Daughter to task, and inſtils ſome of her good, Motherly Inſtructions into her, relating to her Carriage with her Husband that Night: ſhe charges her to put him to it as a Virgin ought to do; and farther, that as ſoon as he entred the Premiſes, with ſome feigned Reluctancy on her part, ſhe muſt fall into a fainting ſhriek, as if ſhe had fallen into a cold water in a hot fit. Thus ſhe Tutors her Daughter to deceive the Young Fop. All things hitherto are very well, but mark what follows, there is a curſed ſting in the Tail; for within two or three Moneths, the Young Bride groans, and falls all to pieces; it could be no longer hid, a Young Babe peeps into the World, and that ſpoils all. Now all the Joy is converted into Sorrow, and he knows not what to do with himſelf. He is quite at a loſs: If he turns her away, the whole World will be acquainted with it, and he cannot Marry again, and for her part ſhe will take care of one. 'Tis an ill Hen that can't ſcrape for one Chicken. If he keeps her and co-habits with her, ſhe will never care a Pin for him, nor he for her, there will be no Love loſt of either ſide, I'll be bold to ſay. Well! *All is well,*

that

that ends well, saith the good old Adage, and so say I too; but from such Comfort in the Close, from such an End as this, Good Lord deliver me!

The twelfth Comfort of Matrimony.

AND a sweet one 'tis too, if you knew all. Our Youngster in this Case is one hath beat about the Net so long, that at last he hath found a hole to creep in at; and to be sure hath verified the Adage, *fast bind, fast find*, he has tied an Indissolluble Knot, but here is his Comfort still, that he hath Married such a *Non pareille*, such a matchless Woman for Morality, Goodness and Vertue, that she is not to be Parallel'd in the Universe: He admires her Discourse, extols her Education, commends her Deportment, dotes upon her Face, is so Captivated with the Distinction of her Sex, that he is Ravish'd with his Choice, and boasts

boasts of his Prudent Election; he is resolved to let loose the Reins of Government, and permit her to bear the Sway; nothing shall be done, but what has first the Stamp of her Approbation: She is his All, and He her Nothing, nay, you will find at last, that she values him little or nothing: He is as Tame as a Man, reduc'd by Phlebotomy to a weakly condition, and made up of nothing but Obedience. There's my Man (if he hath not forfeited his Manhood) as good a Husband as ever laid Leg over Woman. If His King and Country raise an Army to oppose a Foreign Invasion, he shall not stir a Foot, unless she be in the Humour to permit him, he shall not go to the Wars; for his Wife is too tender of him to let him be so long out of her sight; Hang Fame he shall not March, lest he returns with Grinning or Cripled Honour. Come, come, Sweet Heart! saith she, 'tis good sleeping in a whole Skin; you never was cut out for Martial Enterprizes; your Body is too young and tender to be exposed to the Hazard and Hardship of Ruffling War: Let others purchase Renown, that fancy it, at never so dear a Rate, you shall enjoy your self at Home in Peace and Quietness.

etneſs. Thus is the fond Fop abſolutely Governed by his Wife, ſhe has him faſt, and will not looſe an Inch of her hold. If ſhe has a mind to Junket and Sport with her Gallant, he muſt to Bed, and *then the Gooſe is laid to the Fire.* Sometimes ſhe puts him in mind of urgent Buſineſs, and then he muſt riſe at Midnight to diſpatch it; or elſe ſhe expoſes him to a Journey, that ſhe may have the better Opportunity to enjoy her Friend; or he muſt riſe all Hours in the Night to fetch her a Doctor to cure the Stich or Pain in the ſide, and expoſe himſelf to the injury of the Weather, when in the interim ſhe admits her Gallant, who is ſo bold as to Scale the Walls, creep in at the Window, and a thouſand ſuch little Love-Toys, to accompliſh his Deſign and Deſire. Sometimes it falls out that her Friend hath Planted himſelf behind the Hangings, and her miſchievous little Lap-dog ſmells him out, and ſhe tells her Husband, they are Rats and Mice that he barks at, and perſwades him 'tis the poor Cur's Cuſtom to do ſo; but at laſt ſhe frightens him away with, Out you little Foiſting Cur, what a Noiſe is here with you? and then he ſneaks away like a Dog that has burnt his Tail.

She

She makes him dandle the Child to ſleep, and ſing a Nocturnal Lullaby to the Innocent Babe, while he like an innocent Fool does it without Murmuring: She makes him carry the Diſtaff or Spindle, whilſt ſhe is cutting out more work for him: ſhe ſpins a fair Thread at laſt, and he to his coſt finds that, *he hath brought his Hogs to a fair Market.* In ſhort, like a Spaniel he is made to fetch and carry, when, and what ſhe pleaſes; the poor Fop never enjoys a minutes reſt or content, runs thro a World of Sorrow and Tribulation, and ſo let him, unpitied for me; for he ſeems to be created to no other End. He has brought an old Houſe over his Head, which is preſently until'd, if he ſpeaks but one word to contradict her: ſhe has got the upper Hand of him, and 'tis now too late to reclaim her: had he taken her down in her Wedding-ſhoes, there might have been hopes of doing ſome good with her; but it is in vain, nay impoſſible to work upon her now.

Thus he grows Aged through Care, Grief and Vexation, is ſlighted by his Dame, like an old Faulkner, or to ſpeak more properly, like an Old Wife (the worſt of Creatures,) good for nothing.

His (or rather her) Domeſtick Affairs, he muſt not intermeddle with: ſhe is the *Domina fac totum*; and if any of her Daughters be Marriageable, ſhe diſpoſeth of them to whom ſhe pleaſeth, without his Conſent or Approbation: If they are well Matcht, well and good: if ill, he dares not find fault with it, much leſs, upbraid her for it. She plays the Woman exactly, and will have her Will in every thing, right or wrong, there is no gainſaying, unleſs he has a mind to make the Houſe too hot to hold him. Now I Appeal to all Rational Men, what greater Torment can there be to a Man than ſuch a Ruling Houſwife? what greater Plague to a Husband than ſuch a Domineering Wife? O the unutterable comfort of ſuch an eaſie, pleaſant Life, where the good Woman takes all the Burthen upon her own ſhoulders, Manages all Affairs at home and abroad, and he not ſo much as concerned with any, lives happily and free from the Cares and Turmoiles of a Wedded Life, Dies with Grief and Shame, to ſee himſelf ſo Conquer'd by his Wife, and ſo ſneaks out of the World, quite weary of it, without pity or compaſſion: There let him reſt quietly

ly in his Grave, that never did ſo in his Life-time, without Epitaph or Monument, but that everlaſting one of his Folly, that he left behind him to Poſterity.

The thirteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

THis Gentleman we are to treat of here, is of a quite different Temper from the laſt, who will not be Rul'd by his Wife, but is of a Noble, Martial Spirit, and runs in purſuit of Honour and Fame. He is reſolved to venture his Life and Fortune in his Princes Service beyond-Sea, and in order thereunto firſt acquaints his Wife with his unſhaken Reſolution; ſhe Embraces and Careſſes him with Tears in her Eyes: Alas! my dear, ſaith ſhe, can you have the heart to forſake me and the Pledges of our Love, theſe ſweet Babes? will you now deſert me, and leave me and my Children to the

wide World, Comfortleſs and *H*usband-leſs, when we have lived ſo contentedly, as Man and Wife, for ſome yearts toge-ther? My Dear! ſaith he, I muſt go, my *H*onour lies at ſtake, which is dearer than Life and all in the World beſides. I muſt obey my King, or forfeit my Loyalty, and the Eſtate that I hold of *H*is Majeſty by Tenure to ſerve him in his Wars; but in Grace of God I hope to ſee you ſuddenly, if he pleaſe to continue my Life and *H*ealth, and he is beſt able to provide for you. Thus he takes leave of his Wife with a heavy heart, and ſhe is as big with ſeeming ſorrow at their parting; recommending her, and his Children to the Care and Tuition of his Friends. Aſſoon as he arrives at the Camp, he being an active, brave Soul, cannot reſt without ſome attempt to ſignalize his Valour, and attaques the Enemy with ſo brisk an aſſault, that he clears all before him, ſo the Diſpute continues hot on both ſides a conſiderable time; but at laſt, ſtimulated by *H*onour and Glory, preſſes too far into the Body of the Enemy, and the Poor Gentleman has the misfortune to be taken Priſoner, and there is kept three or four Years, before he can procure an Exchange

or

or Ranſom to obtain his Liberty. *His* Lady is very Inquiſitive after his Welfare, and at laſt receives ſome ſlight and uncertain Information of his Death, which ſhe ſeems to take very Grievouſly, and falls into an exceſs of Sorrow; but certainly Women were not Created only to weep; beſides inordinate Grief is prohibited and ſinful. God be thanked, in a very ſhort time this grief is over, and ſhe is Married to another. The entire Affection ſhe had for her former *Husband* and his Iſſue is quite forgot and loſt; all her fond Careſſes and Embraces before, and at his departure, are buried with him (as ſhe thinks) in Oblivion, without hopes of a Reſurrection; ſhe ſhews more love to the ſecond than ſhe did to her firſt *Husband*; but that fickle Baggage Fortune will have it ſo, that her *Husband* at length is Releaſed, returns *Home*, tho much decayed and broken by the ſeverity of his Impriſonment, and the hard uſage he received from the Enemy. No ſooner arrived, but he makes diligent Inquiſition after his Wife and Children, and the thoughts of their miſcarriage, did certainly much aggravate the affliction and grief of his Captivity. At laſt he underſtands the diſmal

and unwelcome news of her Second Marriage: now judge you what a Confusion he is in at this stabbing Relation. The anguish of *Priam*, King of *Troy*, when he was acquainted with the Death of *Hector*, was not certainly comparable to his; at last he comes *Home*, and is fully informed of all the particulars. What a Distraction he now is in may possibly be faintly imagined, but never fully expresst; what Course to steer, or how to grapple with this Misfortune, is a Controversie that cannot well be decided. What Revenge can he study suitable to her Crime? what punishment doth she not deserve to have inflicted upon her for Faithlesness? As he is a Man of Courage and *Honour* he can never be so Puny-spirited as to put up this Injury unsatisfied, nor can he buckle to so tame and unmanly a Condescention, as to re-admit her into his Bed, tho her *Husband* should dispence with it. On the other side, he who Married her last must needs be very much disturbed at this unlucky Business; and having been satiated with her, must hate and forsake her, for Love and Empire never admit of Corrivals. And what a sad Case now is she in by her over-forwardness and Credulity?

ty? ſhe has loſt her Reputation; both her *Husbands* and her own *Honour*, hath buried all her Modeſty in the Grave of Infamy, and expoſed her ſelf to the Virulent Tongues of carping *Momi*; her Children will be afflicted and diſturbed at the Misfortune of the Mother, the vexation of the Father, and conſequently at the Infelicity of both their Parents.

Thus they two, who might have lived comfortably all their days, by this unlucky accident, are like to live miſerably, to whom length of days, the greateſt Happineſs on Earth will prove their greateſt Miſery. Marry they muſt not, cannot, dare not: This is one of the deſireable Comforts of Matrimony: One of the Enjoyments of a Wedded Life: One of the Pleaſures of a Coupled Condition. They muſt live aſunder without hopes of a re-union, he muſt die a Wedded Widdower, and ſhe a ſingle Wife, an unhappy Myſtery to both, and an unfortunate, tho unheard of Paradox.

The fourteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

HE that is ſenſible of this Comfort is one, who hath taken ſuch pains to find a paſſage into the Net, that he is got in and enſnared by a young, beautiful and well tempered Woman; and they enjoy their Delights and Pleaſures without Contention or Diſturbance; a happy life indeed, and ſuch as might make a Man thirſt after the Cup of Matrimony. They Careſs one another inceſſantly, like two Turtles, for they are two in one united; and if the one is in the leaſt Diſcompos'd, the other Sympathiſeth in the Pain and Affliction; but theſe are Halcyon Days, too ſerene and calm to laſt long; for the Wife dies ſuddenly, and puts a Period to all their Amours and Happy Enjoyments. The Young Man grows very diſconſolate, bewails Night and Day the Irreparable Loſs of his Wife; ſometimes complaining of Death, and other times of the Capriciouſneſs of Verſatile Fortune, Nature's VVhirlegig, that is always turning,

and

and never fixed or ſetled. Thus for ſome time he lives in Miſery, ſhuns all Society, abandons all Comfort, ruminating upon his Misfortune, the Deprivation of ſo good and kind a Comfort: He dreams of her continually, thinks of her without Intermiſſion, and loves her Memory. But it is as true, as old a ſaying, *Nullum violentum eſt perpetuum: Sorrows are ſhort, that are ſharp and violent.* But after all this our young Gentleman, tho he hath been once catcht in the Net, and freed, muſt be ſo Foppiſh as to venture a ſecond time, and is baited into it again, to his great Grief and Diſcontent: by a Widdow who is a Perſon of a quite contrary Humour to his former Wife, of a middle Age: Firſt ſhe carries her ſelf very demurely with tolerable Diſcretion; but at length, when ſhe hath ſufficiently pried into his Temper, and throughly underſtands his Conſtitution, then ſhe begins to ſhew her Teeth, and play upon his ſweet Diſpoſition (a Fault too incident to that Sex) brings him to her bow, and manages him to her beſt advantage, ſhe ſtudying nothing but her own, not his Satisfaction: And certainly there are no ſuch Vaſſals in the worſt of Servitude, who are ſo enſlaved as ſimple

ple Young Men, when link'd to Widdow'd Women, eſpecially when they are of a Croſs and Sordid Humour; and he that is ſo unfortunate as to be reduced to this Extremity, has no other Redreſs, but to pray to God to grant him Patience to undergo this weighty Affliction; if that won't do, his utmoſt Refuge is to have recourſe to a Silken Halter, and ſo ſtrangle himſelf together with his Miſery. Now ſhe begins to appear in her Colours; ſhe grows Jealous of him (the very Bane of a Married Life) and is ſo inſatiable, that ſhe is diſſatisfied, if he be but a minute out of her Embraces, cannot endure him out of her ſight, and every Woman he caſts an Eye upon, he luſts after. When Widdows meet with young Fleſh, they cheriſh it, becauſe it renews their Strength and Vigour; and there is nothing more Noiſome, or prejudicial to a Young man's Health, than a Laſcivious, Draining, Old Wife: Yet I look upon an Old Man to be the greater Bruit of the two, who Smugs and Trims himſelf up with all Artificial Ornaments to make him appear Youthful, and then Marries a Young Girl: That is a moſt intolerable piece of Vanity, a Foppery neither to be allowed, nor imitated;

tated: His Nauſeous Breath, proceeding from the corruption of Decayed Lungs, muſt needs offend beyond Expreſſion; Coughing, Sneezing, Spawling, Groaning and Spitting (tho not a word of ſpitting in the right Baſon) muſt needs be very unacceptable to Youth, if not Odious and Loathſome: But to return to our Young Gentleman, taken in the Net a ſecond time (the greater his Folly) his Wife grows ſo greedy after Man's Fleſh, that ſhe could find in her heart to turn She-Canibal, and devour it: ſhe is ſtark mad with Jealouſie, and if he goes to Church with never ſuch Real, Pious and Devout Intentions, ſhe ſuſpects he has ſome Siniſter and Wicked Deſigns. I am apt to believe, there can be no Real Love without ſome ſmack or ſpice of Jealouſie: for certainly no Man or Woman would match themſelves to a Creature, who had no good Quality, or Parts to create an Inclination in a ſecond Perſon toward them, that would betray the Fooliſhneſs of their Choice; but this ſort of Jealouſie, or rather Suſpicion, occaſions no Domeſtick Feuds, or Houſhold Jarrs, becauſe it is only an Exceſs of Kindneſs or Affection; but that which creates a groundleſs Suſpicion

picion and Diffidence of the Party beloved, and ends in Brawling and Contention, must needs be the worst of Plagues, and the Cursed Sting and Torment of Matrimony. If these be the Comforts of a Married Life, let me enjoy my Liberty and Freedom in a single State, and live happily without Dissatisfaction or Disturbance. I do not in the least blame the State of Matrimony, mistake me not; but the Rash and Precipitate Election of those Hotspurs, that run headlong into that Condition without deliberate Consideration. *Hippocrates*, the Famous *Greek* Physician, hath a smart saying, and very pertinently Aplicable to our young Gentlemen, *Vetulam non novi, cur morior?* I never Wedded an old Wife, and why should I die? it had been well for him, if he had laid this Sentence to heart, and matcht himself to one of his own youthful Temper, then he might have liv'd happily and contentedly, tho here we must take our leave of him, gasping for his last Breath in a wretched and deplorable Condition.

The fifteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

THis is a great and Prodigious Comfort, a Comfort that cannot be expreſt ſignificantly. Our Married Man here chanceth to meet with a VVoman who is much addicted to the ſhaking of her Elbow, as well as of her Tail, two good Qualities in a good VVife, and the good Man is like to thrive upon't. This courſe of Life ſhe leads for a conſiderable time undiſturbed, becauſe undiſcover'd, but at length he finds his Eſtate decay by her expenſive Gaming; ſuſpects her Fidelity, and is reſolved to watch an opportunity, to diſcover, if poſſible, her Amorous Intrigues: And one Day, as Fate would have it, he enters her Chamber privately, and ſurprizeth her in the very action, or in a very ſuſpicious and wanton poſture. The Husband incenſed with Rage and Fury, cannot contain himſelf any longer within bounds, but flies at her Gallant with a deſign to make him breath out his laſt upon the Spot, but as he is ſtriking at him, his

his VVife, kind Soul! (as it behoves her; for ſhe ought not to ſtand by, and be guilty of Murder,) comes and embraces her Husband; Ah! for Gods ſake my Dear, have a care that you do not hit an unlucky Blow, and be Guilty of Bloud-ſhed; whereupon the Blade clears himſelf of his intended Aſſaſſine, and ſhews him a fair pair of Heels; 'twas well he was nimble-footed, or elſe he had certainly been ſacrificed to his fury; but Fear and Guilt have VVings as well as Love, and in ſhort he makes his eſcape. The Husband purſues him, but to no purpoſe; for he hath ſecured himſelf by Flight: whereupon he returns like a Hungry, Rampant Lion into the Chamber, thinking to meet with his VVife, and make her his Prey; but alas the Bird is flown. Now what think you is become of this Unfortunate and Diſconſolate VVoman? why ſhe is fled to her Relations, and acquaints them with all theſe Paſſages in a Mournful Dialect, with ſome ſeeming Regret. At this Relation all the whole Family is in an uproar; ſometimes blaming him for his Severity, but her, moſt of all, for her Impudence and Indiſcretion. The VVife palliates the buſineſs to her Mother, at the

firſt,

firſt, but upon ſtrict Examination Confeſſeth with Sighs and Tears the whole matter (the Mother underſtanding very well how to manage a Cauſe of this Nature, who had her ſelf been guilty of the ſame miſcarriage, tho with more Privacy and Secrecy, without Injury to her Reputation by ſo Palpable and Notorious a Diſcovery) VVell! they meet and conſult how to ſmother the buſineſs, and by Menaces on the one hand, and Intreaties on the other hand, to reduce the eaſie natur'd Husband to a better Temper, and by all means poſſible, to patch up a Reconciliation, and make Peace between them. In order thereunto, firſt they Tamper with his Chamber-Maid, a *Procureur d' Amour*, a Procuring Bawd, or Female Pander to her Miſtreſſes Luſt, and they ask her how it is with her Maſter, ſince this unlucky Diſaſter? To whom ſhe replies, he is in a very deſperate, diſcontented Condition, hath taken no ſuſtenance at all ſince that Misfortune happ'ned, nor had any Reſt or Sleep to Refreſh him. VVhen he ſate down to Dinner, this Day, he did not ſwallow ſo much as one Morſel, his Stomach was too weak to entertain food; then he ſits as Melancholy as one that is

Hy-

Hypocondriacal; has a gaſtly, wan look, as if Grief had drunk up all the colour of his face. Sometimes he wrings his Hands, ſhakes his Head, bites his Fingers ends, takes the Knife, and ſticks it in the Table, and afterward throws it away with great Indignation. Then preſently, on a ſudden, ſtarts up and takes a Promenade in the Garden, but returns with a diſtracted look, before he hath paſſed thirty Yards; he can neither ſit nor ſtand ſtill one minute in a place; Night and Day he ſighs, bemoans himſelf, that it would extort pity from a *Barbarian*, to ſee him in this ſad Condition. Well! at length, after ſome time elapſed, when they judged the ſtorm was ſomewhat over, and that he was grown more cool and temperate, Some of the moſt forward and crafty of that Female Gang of her Friends and Relations attaque the Husband, like the Northern Wind, bluſteringly, and the Tempeſt being over, ſtrike Sail, and diſcourſe with as great Moderation and Subtlety, commending his Wife for her Vertue, Modeſty and Piety (a pious Devil indeed) and that they have known her for ſeveral Years to live like a Modeſt VVife, with an unſtained Reputation, obedient to your

ſelf

ſelf, reſpective to her Neighbours, and civil to all Perſons of both Sexes. Now for you openly to defame her, to the ruine of her Honour, upon ſome imaginary ſurmize, is unkind, and injurious in ſo high a nature, that you can never make her amends: beſides, Sir, let me be plain with you in a buſineſs of ſo great Concernment, ſay, or think what you will, to my own certain knowledge, two perſons may be cloſely engaged in Diſcourſe together, in a very friendly poſture, and yet not do the thing that you imagine, nor ever ſo much as entertain a thought of ſo Diſloyal and Immodeſt an Action, as to defile their Husbands Bed. What he might, like a bold Ruffian attempt, I will not here diſpute, that is none of my pretence, but Foreign to the matter in hand; yet this I'll confidently aver and maintain againſt all oppoſition, that there is no Man breathing, that your Lady hates like this Villain, who hath ſo raſhly brought an old Houſe over her Head; nay I am ſatisfied in my Conſcience, that ſhe would ſooner ſee him ſuffer the moſt Ignominious Death that ever was executed upon the moſt Notorious Criminal, than permit him to touch her in an uncivil way.

Let

Let me perſwade you to conſult your reaſon, and not thus ruffle and diſcompoſe your ſelf with a meer *Chimæra* or Fancy; the poor Woman is ſo ſwell'd with Tears, that ſhe hath ſcarce an Eye to peep out of, wrings her hands, bewails her condition, and laments without intermiſſion, the diſpleaſure you have conceived againſt her; it lies in your power yet to make up the buſineſs, with a Salvo to her, and your own Reputation; for long ſhe cannot continue in this languiſhing condition, and I hope you do not thirſt after her bloud, that were Inhuman and Un-Chriſtian. Come, come, Sir, let me tell you, you muſt forget and forgive, if there were (tho I ſee no) cauſe for either, upon your Wifes account: Beſides, do you think, if your Wife were a Diſſolute Woman, a Woman of tainted Reputation, that we would undervalue our ſelves ſo much, as to keep her Company? No, no, never cheriſh any ſuch thought in you, for that were to ſtab our Fame and Honour, as well as hers: Nay Sir, I muſt tell you farther, I have been acquainted with her from her Child-hood, and am ſo far from knowing harm by her, that I dare maintain, ſhe has been the Pattern of Vertue in this Coun-

Country. VVhat, ſaith the Husband, will you perſwade me out of my Senſes? I ſaw it with my own eyes. In good Faith, 'tis no ſuch thing, ſay what you will; the Senſes are fallible, for want of a proper Medium, or through ſome weakneſs or imperfection in the Optics. O Brave Dame! well Philoſophis'd, I proteſt: we uſe to ſay, *Seeing is believing*; but in this caſe, it ſeems, a Man muſt not believe his own eyes. VVell! the Husband begins to be of a more Sedate and Serene Temper, and conſiders with himſelf, that Jealouſie caſts a Miſt before the ſight, and makes a Man ſee double, or very imperfectly: So now he is reſolved tamely to put up all wrongs, wipe his mouth, and be ſilent for the future; the VVomen ſmile to ſee the Buſineſs ſo well managed, promiſe to bring them together again, and take their leave of him for the preſent. Thus the facil Gentleman is convinced of his Errour, and very much troubled, that ever he entertained ſuch a Thought, and ſo he receives his VVife again, and all things are buried in their mutual Embraces. Now what think you will be the Iſſue of all this? ſhe upon this grows Inſolent, and hits him in the Teeth with his Recognition

and

and Acknowledgement, upbraiding him with the Injury he hath done her: The Gallant and Neighbours muſt be Treated with a coſtly Collation to put up the buſineſs, and now they may enjoy themſelves without Controul, her Friend Careſſes her, and ſhe him, one good turn, you know, deſerves another, and Ingratitude is the Blackeſt of Crimes. Thus ſhe is a Lady Paramount, conſumes his Eſtate with Gaming, wāſtes his Body with grieving him, perſecutes his Soul, till it takes its flight, and ſo at laſt, loaden with Years and Cares, is wafted over in *Charon*'s Ferry, to the *Elyſian* ſhades; and there's an end of his Miſery.

The

The ſixteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

NOw we are come into the Teens, and paſt thorow the better half of our *Matrimonial Solaces*, we will diſcourſe a little of this Sixteenth, which is a poor and pitiful Comfort indeed; for here Penury and Pertinacy are VVedded together, as well as Man and VVife, both of them are Children of the Mean Mobile, Prophane *Vulgus*, or what you pleaſe to term them, mean in Parentage, as well as in Parts and Purſe, he but of ordinary, and ſhe of no extraordinary Mold, yet in time, after ſome Years Co-habitation and Co-operation, they are bleſt with a Numerous Company of Brats (Chargeable Bleſſings indeed, and fitter for the Pariſh to maintain than this Couple) they Drudge, Moil, Toil, and do all that can as yet be requir'd, but by and by you muſt be rounded in the Ear with another diſmal Story, and you know very well, or at leaſt I will inform you, that it is an old Proverb with the Phlegmatic Butter-box, when any

any thing is done effectually and to purpoſe, they ſay, *'tis perform'd as poor men get Children.* But to proceed if they prove negligent, the craving Appetite of the Bawling and Pratling Babe will ſoon weary them into a remembrance of their Parental Office, in providing for their Family, ſince they were not ſo cautious as to make Proviſion before they engaged themſelves raſhly in that incumbent Duty. Thus the Good Man after a hard days Drudgery, having been at it before the Sun appear'd in our Hemiſphere, and continued it till he is gone to beſtow his kind influence upon the *Antipodes*, who when tired Nature requiring ſome Refreſhment, he ſits at one end of the Houſe like the Image of a Slovenly Mechanic, and ſhe like the ſluttiſh *Effigies* of Charity, with one Child at her Breaſt, a ſecond in her Lap, a third upon the Ground, graſping her Knees, and the reſt about them crying for Bread, bawling for Drink, ſcreaming to be undreſt, gaping and yawning to be laid to ſleep: (a charming noiſe, and raviſhing harmony no doubt, enough to drive a man out of his wits, for not having ſo much previous wit, as to conſider it before) thus they have both their hands

and

and heart full, God help them, he Rocks the Cradle, and ſhe feeds the hungry Family, and all little enough to ſatisfie the grumbling of their craving Maws. Having been thus, for ſome Years, ſolaced with *the Comforts of Matrimony*, he begins to find his Wedded Life irkſome, which makes him neglect his Affairs, ſlight his Buſineſs, Charges ſtill increaſing, and Trade decaying, now he has taken heart, and is reſolved for the future to make uſe of the too common Mode of theſe times, to turn a Good-fellow, frequent the Tipling-Houſe more than formerly, and his Shop leſs; nay if his Stock will at any time reach it, he will to the Tavern, and there ſing *Old Roſe*, till Night and the Conſtable, who Summon all to go to their Reſt and Habitations; then he Reels Home with Emptineſs in his Pocket, Rage in his Looks, and Vexation in his Heart; And there he meets with a ſecond Rencounter worſe than the former, from his Wife (a Domeſtick, but ſometimes untameable Animal) Well *Thomas!* (ſaith ſhe) doſt thou think that I am able to endure this curſed Life? or can you imagine, that I muſt be confin'd at Home, with a parcel of Children about my ears, without Bread

and Drink to put in their Heads, whilſt you are Revelling abroad Night and Day, among your Sottiſh Companions: I cannot bear it any longer, but am reſolv'd to go abroad too, and then do you take care and provide for the Children: I'll learn out your Haunts, and find you out if you are above ground, ne'r fear it; and then aſſure your ſelf, I'll Ring you and your Drunken Aſſociates ſuch a Peal, as ſhall ſoon break up your Company. He being heated with Drink, and naturally a ſurly, ſower Fellow, lays his brawny Arms upon her, and corrects her for her Scolding, inſomuch that ſhe is forced to keep Houſe for a Week or Fortnight, to prevent the batter'd black and blew Livery of her Eyes and Face, from being diſcovered by the Goſſiping Neighbourhood; he in the interim gets up in the Morning, and away to the Alehouſe to refreſh himſelf, and torment her at Home for her laſt Nights Work. Now he's grown irretriveably loſt, as to his Trade and Family, works very little, and that more for outward ſhew than any thing elſe, is grown ſo bewitched to his new Gang of Pot-Companions, that he has taken reſolution to Rant, Tear and fling the Helve after the Hatchet; but

Money

Money he muſt procure by one means or other, to maintain him in this Debauched Courſe of Life, partly by his own Inclination, and the repeated Perſuaſions of his beloved Friends; then the Houſhold Moveables muſt march off, and be engaged for the ſupply of his Extravagant Expences, till there are no more to move out of the Cottage. The Poor Woman at Home ſeeing all going to ruine and deſtruction, grows Impatient at his Miſcarriages, and reſolves upon her *Dernier Effort*, to make her words good (as ſhe had formerly promiſed) ſhe in a Rage flies out, and is upon the queſt to find him and his Haunts; at laſt, by ſome information, or poſſibly by meer Accident (for Wives are very ſucceſsful in conjectures of this Nature, even to admiration) ſhe hits on it, and in ſhe dances with this Salutation to the People at the Bar, *Is my Husband here?* Yes, in ſuch a Room; away ſhe goes, and aſſoon as ever ſhe enters, finds them at the heighth of their Mirth, Smoaking, Drinking, Singing, Swearing, and what not? but that which exaſperates her moſt, is, a dirty Doxie Tipling among them, as impudent in her Behaviour, as contemptible in her Garb, but

like will to like, Jack *will have his* Gill, *and* Jone *is as good as my Lady.* Impatient at this Baggage, that toucheth her Copy-hold ſo cloſely, the Hurrican is nigh at hand by black Clouds of her Countenance, and with a Volley of upbraiding words, ſuch as Jade, Whore, Bitch, what dare you keep my Husband Company, to the Ruine of him and his Family? then follows a Broad ſide of Pots, Canns, Candleſticks, Pipes (and here the deſtruction of Pipes becomes the Generation of Stoppers) and 100 to one, if in this ſharp Counterſcuffle no great Miſchief be done, ſhe certainly gives the Gentlewoman ſome ſlight Mark of her Honeſty, which ſhe certainly carries to the Grave. In this confuſed Scene of Rage and Fury, the ſurprize doth abaſh the whole Company (but more particularly her Husband) inſomuch, that they uſe all poſſible, ſmooth Language to pacifie her Wrath, which with much ado is effected by diſcharging the Wench privately by the conveyance of ſome back way, and ſo break up the Company. Now he knows not what courſe to ſteer (for he's ſatisfied he ſhall never enjoy a quiet minute with her for the future) unleſs it be to *Barbadoes* or *Jamaica* (the uſual Receptacle

ceptacle of Debauched and Crackt Artificers) which he ſoon effects, and ſo at laſt, having ſold all that he hath, ſells himſelf too, packs away, and is gone the firſt Wind that ſerves for his turn; leaves his Children as an inheritance to the Pariſh, and his Wife to the Almes-houſe, if they will be ſo Charitable, as to do it, conſidering her Misfortune. Thus you may ſoon gueſs at the iſſue of this *Comfort of Matrimony:* the Wife has left this wide World to beg in, but only the expectancy of a ſingle Pariſh to maintain her: the Huſband is tranſported into another World, where through a ſtream of Exceſs and Intemperance, with the heat of the Climate, he ſwims into a third, in a very little time, and ſo dies a Slave and Stranger, imperiouſly inſulted over whilſt alive, and when dead, quoited into a hole, without the leaſt Mourning, or indeed ſo much as Chriſtian Burial

The seventeenth Comfort of Matrimony.

AND this will appear to be more ſtrange and incredible than all thoſe that preceed, by reaſon of its Villany, and the fatal conſequences thereof. Here a Gentleman of good Learning and Education, but better Fortune, who by the conſent of his Parents is diſpoſed of to as Opulent a Gentlewoman, and every way correſpondent to him in Youth, Parts and Portion: he Careſſes with hot and frequent Addreſſes of Love; wiſhes that he might grow to her Threſhold, that he might have the more frequent Fruition of her never-enough admired Society; ſhe returns anſwer to all his fervent Applications, with a moſt becoming and charming Modeſty; ſo that upon the ſtricteſt Obſervations of their mutual Deportment, nothing can be diſcern'd but a Matchleſs, Amorous Paſſion between them reciprocally. When a convenient time is thus ſported away, by making their Amours, the Nuptial Ceremony (after preparations ne-

neceſſary in Affairs of this Nature) is Celebrated, (and nothing but Joy and Comfort ſeems to attend their Cohabitation) which for continuance of Time, delicious Viands, luxurious Wines, together with all ſorts of other Liquors, Balls, Muſick, Jollity and other Diverſions, indeed for plenty all things, beſides the numerous Train of Invited Gueſts, Servants and Attendants, was never exceeded; nay, 'tis yet a queſtion unanſwered, whether ever equallized in this preſent, or ſome preceeding Ages. After the Ceremony of Solemnization is over, they Love as affectionately, Live as ſplendidly, as their Port can poſſibly bear (and further too, (as you will ſpeedily be ſatisfied) in their Country-Caſtle, during the Refreſhing and Healthful Summer, to enjoy the benefit of the Air, the Pleaſantneſs of their Evening Promenade, the delightful Proſpects of the Meads, Paſtures, Fruitful and Delightful Fields of Corn, and all thoſe inexpreſſible ſatisfactions that uſually attend the ſerenity of a Rural Life, and when wearied, or rather refreſhed with theſe Pleaſures, return to their City-Apartment; either for the Management of Affairs, or the enjoyment of the Variety and Choice of the

more Gentile and better ſort of Company. Here they both ſoon obtain by their Parts and Pence, Acquaintance of all Sorts and Tempers, ſo that 'tis impoſſible in ſuch a World of People, but they muſt neceſſarily meet thoſe that comply with them in temper and gratifie. To Plays, Revels, Maſques, at Court they daily reſort, and to other Places, when they receive Information of them; ſo that there is no Publick Treat or Diverſion can poſſibly eſcape, and in ſmall time, gaining great Acquaintance, and that with great Ones too, according as the times, he muſt needs Rencounter, as well as his Lady, with no ſmall or trivial Temptations. After they have ſteer'd this courſe ſome years, the Real Eſtate ſinks and impairs too too ſenſibly, and which is worſt of all, they both prove Improlific (and poſſibly the Curſe of Barreneſs is the puniſhment of their Debauchery) ſo that by a ſtrange kind of unuſual tho mutual conſent, he procures a Chargeable Miſs, and ſhe an expenſive Gallant, he ſhakes his Elbow, and ſhe her Tail, and in proceſs of time, they become equally experienced in both theſe faſhionable Qualifications; ſo that in ſome few annual Revolutions, the Eſtate conſumes, and

and moulders away to nothing, by Mort-gages and vaſt Debts contracted, the Re-tinue is turn'd off for want of Means to ſupport them, as formerly, Houſe-keeping laid aſide, and the Moveable Goods pawn'd or ſold outright, to maintain them. Upon this being ſear'd and grown obſtinately Profligate, and ſenſeleſs of their vanity and Impiety, through cuſtomary ſinning, they conſult how to repair their conſumptive and almoſt expired Fortunes, by Injurious, Illegal, Baſe and Sordid Actions, which at length bring them to a ſhameful Cataſtrophe, being both too haughty and high ſpirited, to live in a low and deſpicable condition; therefore he turns Pad, and ſhe Buttock and File (that is Highway-Man and Pick-Pocket-Whore, in plain, honeſt *Engliſh*, according to the Canting of the Roguiſh Crew) into which they are now admitted and Matriculate. Well! what think you follows theſe wicked Reſolutions, to take up a wicked courſe of Life? why you may ſoon gueſs, tho Fortune ſeem to favour them for ſome time, ſucceſs ſeldom ſmiles long upon ſuch wretched Undertakers, but uſually brings them to a Condign Puniſhment. Poſſibly, after ſome perpetrated Villanies, the Product of their as

yet ſucceſsful Crimes may furniſh them with a Stock, in caſe of unavoidable neceſſity, when they are firmly catch'd in the Net of the Law (as formerly they were in that of Matrimony) This may prevail once or twice by a Lucky and Chargeable but this proving no caution, but rather an encouragement to repeat their former Courſes, they go on as vigorouſly as before, and by skulking in private holes, and obſcure receſſes, ſtave themſelves off from the ſtrict inquiſition of Juſtice; but at length, (for now their wicked Reign is near its period) ſome crafty Officers, accuſtomed to be employed in ſuch Affairs, and by the means of ſome injur'd perſon, alliciated thereunto by the promiſe of a good Gratuity, ſearches diligently, finds them ſuddenly, and, by the neceſſary of a Juſtices *Mittimus*, conveys them immediately, without Bail or Mainpriſe, to a Loathſome and Fatal Gaol. The Seſſions are now at hand, and they in a Panic Fear, that they ſhall not come off, being conſcious of their Guilt: Well! to a Trial they are brought, and their Indictment containing the Crimes for which they are accuſed: they then have recourſe to *Newgate*-Evaſions, *Presbyterian* Shams (I mean Ly-

Lying and Diſſembling) and ſuch kind of inſignificant Triflings with the Court, who tired out therewith, direct the Jury (who never read *Ignoramus*) and they upon a full Hearing of the Evidence, bring them in Guilty: Upon this, Sentence of Death is Pronounced, and they are ſent to their laſt Habitation here, as faſt tied by the Executioner here, as they by themſelves formerly. The Warrant being Signed for their Execution, and the day appointed, (there being no hopes of a Pardon, having already deſpiſed and abuſed that Grace and Favour) they are acquainted therewith in order to their Preparation; to undergo the deſerved and unavoidable Puniſhment of the Law, Death. The Fatal Morning appearing, they are made ready for their laſt Journey, to their long Home, and ſo diſgracefully Carted to *Tyburn*; where by the way, being as notoriouſly known, as they were notorious in the Tranſactions of their Life; ſome (who have Charity) pity them, many (who have ſuffered upon their account) Curſe them, and moſt blame them. This is a hopeful Comfort of the Tye of Marriage, which brings them at laſt to be Tyed up by *Ketch*, both indiſſoluble Knots, except untied by the

cold

cold hand of Death. Thus you ſee tho the Sun-ſhine of the former part of their Life ſeem'd to be poſſibly glorious, was at length overcaſt, and tho they might have liv'd happily, did in the latter part, live wretchedly, and died ignominiouſly, ſo they might ſay of themſelves, as the Poet did, with little Alteration——

Per varios caſus, & tot diſcrimina rerum
Tendimus in Laqueum——

Thus, with them, ends the Seventeenth Comfort.

The

The eighteenth Comfort of Matrimony.

NOW (with this which is the laſt and too many, unleſs they were better) we ſhall run through a petty Jury, and a half of pretty and petty Comforts too, tho this exceeds all that is premention'd, and may afford ſome Diverſion, but far more Admiration and Aſtoniſhment. The Story is as followeth, which wants neither Truth, nor Authentic Authors to maintain it. A Gallant and Heroic Gentleman, altogether Martial, a Noted Commander, and of a very Ancient Extract; it was his good Fortune, as he innocently and probably conjectured, to make his Addreſſes to a Young, Beautiful Gentlewoman, (but ſee how that Fickle Baggage Fortune puts tricks upon Credulous Mortals) and after they had made and received ſeveral Viſits, and ſo united themſelves by the Amorous Chains of Paſſionate and Unfeigned Affection, that they thought nothing but that Cruel Deſtiny *Atropos* could ſeparate them. But it fell out, and very

very unluckily too) that the Ladies Parents, (whose Eyes are always prying into such Intrigues) by some means and rewards to encourage the Discoverers, to prevent their design, shuffled up a Match between their Daughter and a very great Heir; with Menaces, Threats, severe Usage, so that weary of their Carriage towards her, she was at last compell'd, tho with unimaginable regret, and great reluctancy, to embrace the Person she had an absolute indisposition, unfitness of mind, and aversion for, ever likely to hinder the many Benefits of Conjugal Society, namely, Peace and Comfort; but it is Decreed by a Law as unalterable as that of the *Medes* and *Persians*, that she must undergo this insupportable wearines. The Gentleman, who in truth was, or at least ought to be her Husband, endeavours to make way for an Interview with her, but finding all means ineffectual (she being so closely mew'd up, (another Comfort of Forced Marriage) by her Eagle-ey'd and Jealous Husband, insomuch that nothing could be Transacted, but he must necessarily find out, for *Zelotypiæ nihil impervium*, Jealousie is too quick-sighted to be disappointed by any endeavours whatsoever,

ſoever, whereupon he reſolves to take other meaſures, and therefore in great diſcontent (ſeeing he could not poſſibly procure the ſight of the ſo much admired and beloved) he quits his Native Country to Travel in queſt of ſome Comfort in Foreign Parts: We will now leave him in his Journey, and return to ſee how this new Married Lady bears her Affliction. She poor *Inamorata*, tho diſappointed of enjoying the Sole Object of her Love, (what a curſed Humour is this of Parents, for a cram'd Coffer to confine them to the Land of Affliction?) cannot be debarred the Privilege of thought, and therefore to manage that with the greater Prudence and Privacy, ſhe affects Retirement, and there bewailes her Misfortune in the enjoying this Man, as well as in the utter Loſs of her abſent Lover, (which prov'd too true at laſt, to her own deſtruction) thinks hourly of the bliſsful and harmleſs Embraces of her Valiant *Mars*, the mutual and innocent Proteſtations that paſſed between them at every aſſignation, the Poems, Acroſtics, Anagrams, and the whole Artillery of Love, that they uſed between one another. This was her ſole delight, her daily pleaſure,

ſure, and all the contentation that ſhe ever enjoy'd in her Matrimonial (tho unfortunate) Condition: and tho all theſe private Solaces were ſhrowded with all Honeſt and Modeſt Contrivances, yet her Carriage to her Husband did not ſeem ſo obliging to him, as he thought, he might deſerve, and therefore could impute it to nothing but unto the ſudden diſappointment of the Gentleman, who formerly Courted; who would certainly have ſtudied to procure his Deſtruction by ſome means or other, but that he knew he had deſerted the Country, and went away *Incognito*, ſo that there was no great Fear or Probability of his coming to careſs his Lady; but alas! he is miſtaken; for his End is by ſuperiour Power otherwiſe appointed. And now let us return to our Traveller; when he arrived at the place there happened to be War in thoſe parts, who being Magnanimous and Martial, (having loſt his Lady, ſcorn'd his Life) he went immediately into the Wars, and was entertained according to his Deſert and Quality; the Enemy being near at hand, he accoutred himſelf for an Attaque, which he did attempt with that Briskneſs and Valour (among thoſe in the Front) that

that nothing but one ſtimulated by Love, and a Contempt of his Life and Perſon, could ever have ſo valiantly performed; but behold the unlucky Chance of War! He in this over-Manful Aſſault, received a Mortal Wound, to the great grief of thoſe who were ſpectators of his Valour and Courage, whereupon he was immediately brought off, and convey'd to his own Lodgings; where arrived, he languiſhed ſome little time, and a little before his Death, he called an Ancient Servant to him (whoſe Fidelity and Truth he had often experienced) and told him, that he had, at this juncture of time, a weighty Buſineſs to unboſome to him, and intruſt him with, conjuring him by all imaginable, obliging Expreſſions and Deſires to ſee it effected, which was as followeth: I am ſenſible (ſaith he) that I am very near my Expiration, and therefore after my Death, procure ſome Chyrurgeons to open my Body, take the Heart out of my Breaſt, and put it into an Earthen-Pot, that it may be Baked to the conſiſtence of a Fine Powder, and having ſo done, put it into a handſome Box with this Bracelet of Hair, that he had worn about his Left Wriſt (being a Lock of his

Lady

Lady before mentioned) then place it in the Powder, together with this little Billet or Note, written with my own Bloud to her, and after you have beſtowed upon me the Rites of a Decent and Chriſtian Burial, make all poſſible ſpeed to her in her own Country, (which you know very well, as well as her place of Reſidence) and deliver the ſaid Box to her own hands. The Old, True Servant did perform all that his Maſter had given him in Command, and ſo departed; arriving with great Expedition, at the Country and Place deſigned by his Maſter; and coming one day to her Houſe, he unluckily, tho unexpectedly was ſurpriſed by the Ladies Husband, who knew him very well, and that he was Servant to that Gentleman who formerly made Applications to his Lady; and he examined him with a Brow-beating ſeverity, and finding him timorous and hesitating in his Diſcourſe and Replies, made no more ado but ranſackt him, and found the fore-mentioned Box in his Pocket, with the Note, which ſpecified what was contained in it; her Husband upon this diſmiſt the Aged Servant with Menaces, charging him never more to approach his Houſe upon his own pe-

peril, and ſo the poor Servant departed *re infecta*, and his Maſters Commands uneffected, tho by Misfortune (as he thought certainly) diſobey'd. The Gentleman thereupon ſpeedily re-enters his Houſe, ſends for his Cook, and delivers him the Pouder, and withal charging him to make ſome ſmall, ſavoury Diſh of it, without loſing the leaſt particle of it, upon the forfeiture of his abſolute diſpleaſure, becauſe it was a very coſtly Cordial, and commanded him to bring it in himſelf after the laſt Courſe, at Supper; and the Cook did ſo accordingly: as ſoon as it was placed on the Table, he ordered all Perſons to quit the Room, which was no ſooner ſaid, than done; and ſo began to enter into a moſt ſerious Diſcourſe with his Wife; how that ever ſince his Marriage, he obſerved her Dejected, Melancholic Carriage, and he did very much fear, that it was occaſion'd by ſome inward Conſumption, therefore he had made proviſion of a very ſovereign Remedy, which he was very well ſatisfied would cure her infallibly; thereupon he made her eat it all up, and when ſhe had ſo done in obedience to him, very earneſtly importun'd him to diſcover what it was, who told her for ſatisfaction at laſt,

laſt, that ſhe had eaten her firſt Courtiers Heart, ſo drew the Box out of his Pocket, and ſhewed her the Note and Bracelet, at which in a ſudden Tranſportation, uſher'd with a deep ſigh, ſaid, This is Precious indeed, and lickt the Diſh clean, ſaying, it is ſo precious, that 'tis pity any other Meat ſhould be taken down after it; thus ſhe went to Bed, and made good her words; for in the Morning ſhe was found Stone-dead.

Now I preſume you are ſatisfied with the ſtrangneſs of this unparalell'd Comfort, the mere effect of a Compulſive Marriage againſt Reaſon, Senſe and Nature, to the Ruine of their own Daughter, and the Death of a Worthy and Valiant Gentleman, tho both ſo commended as much for their Fidelity and Conſtancy, as much as the Parents to be blamed for their Violence and Covetouſneſs, tho ſhe had at laſt the two Hearts joyned together, inſpight of Father and Fate, tho upon my Heart I cannot away with this kind of Cannibal-like and Unnatural Conjunction.

Thus we have done with theſe Eighteen Comforts of Matrimony; and I call them Comforts, becauſe thoſe that are Mar-

Married think them ſo, and will not be perſwaded to the contrary, tho I look upon them as the worſt of Misfortunes. I do not, nay I dare not ſay, that every Married Man taſtes of all theſe Comforts; but I will affirm this for Truth, that there is no wedded Perſon living, how Wiſe and Cautelous ſoever, but is ſenſible, at the leaſt, of one of theſe Comforts. Nor on the other hand do I ſay it is ill done to Marry; but it is not well done certainly, for a Man to be ſo Stupid and Inſenſible, as thoſe we here Diſcourſe of, apparently declare themſelves to be, and ſo are enſlaved with a ſelf-procured Bondage. I would not willingly diſoblige the Female Sex, nor indeed do I, if read without Prejudice, and rightly underſtood, the Contents of this Treatiſe, tending much to their Honour and Commendation, in all which Rencounters the Women win the day, come off Triumphantly, and Man is moſt ſhamefully worſted by the weaker Sex: and 'tis but Reaſon it ſhould be ſo, conſidering the Wrongs that they ſuffer by the Oppreſſion and Severity of their Huſbands, by Violence, and without Reaſon; only becauſe they are not of ſo Robuſtous Conſtitution, and are ſent into the World with

with no other Weapon but the Tongue, nor any other Defence but their Chaſtity, tho daily expoſed to the crafty Aſſaults of Wily Man: Nature having ſent them ſo weakly Arm'd into the World, it is a prodigious ſhame, that Men ſhould ſo barbarouſly inſult over them, who are ſo ready to ſerve and obey, without whoſe Society the World would ſoon be a Deſart, nay Men could not, did not, nor cannot live happily.

FINIS.

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